RECORDINGS

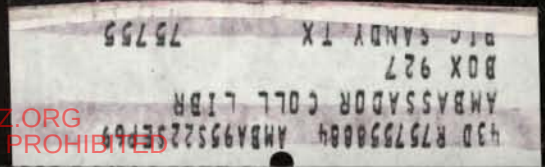
BOOKS · DANCE · MUSIC · TRAVEL · FINE ARTS · MOVIES

Saturday Review

May 31, 1969 50¢

STEPS FROM STUTTGART
by Walter Terry

The Mission of Politics
by Pierre Mendès France



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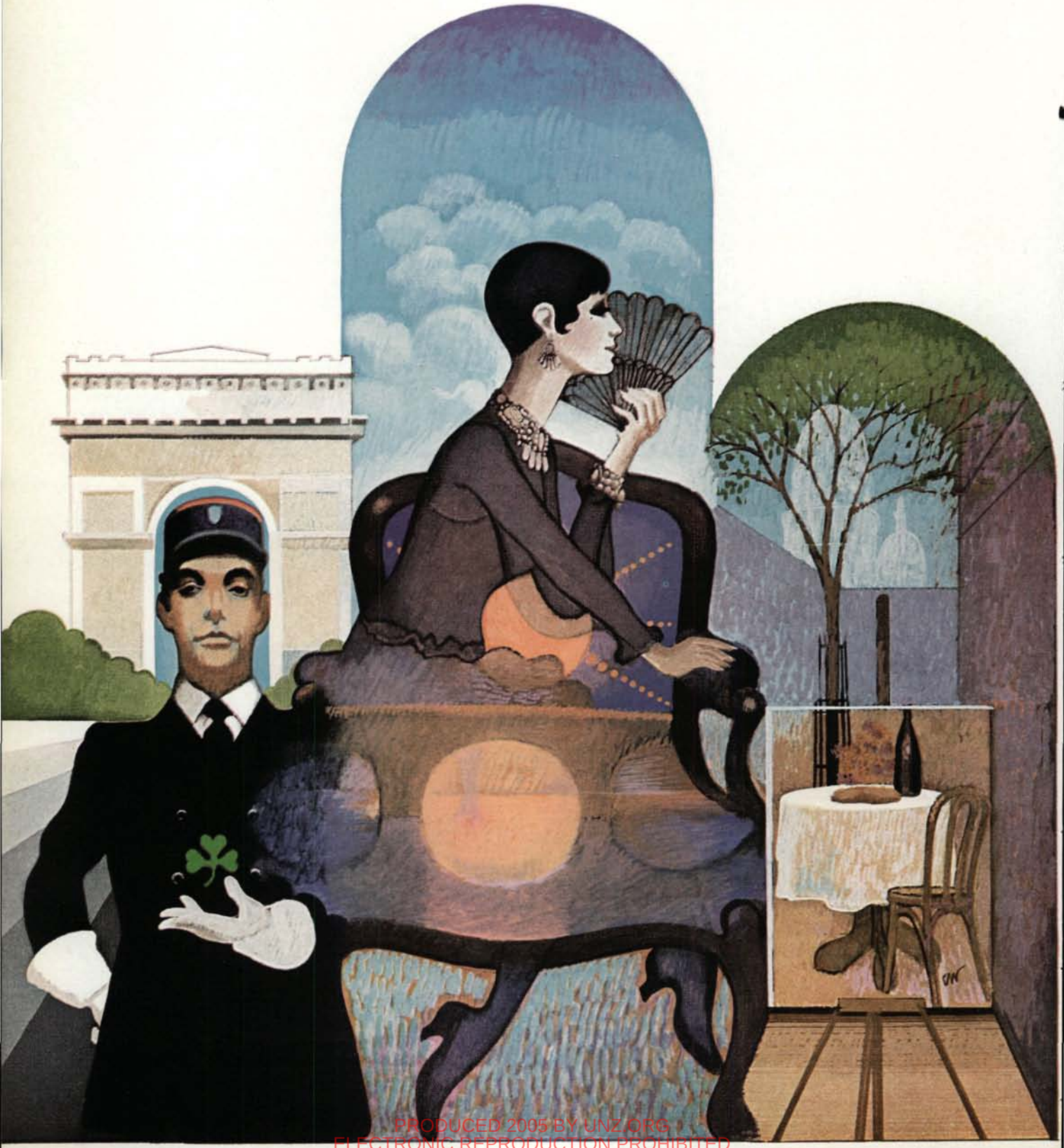

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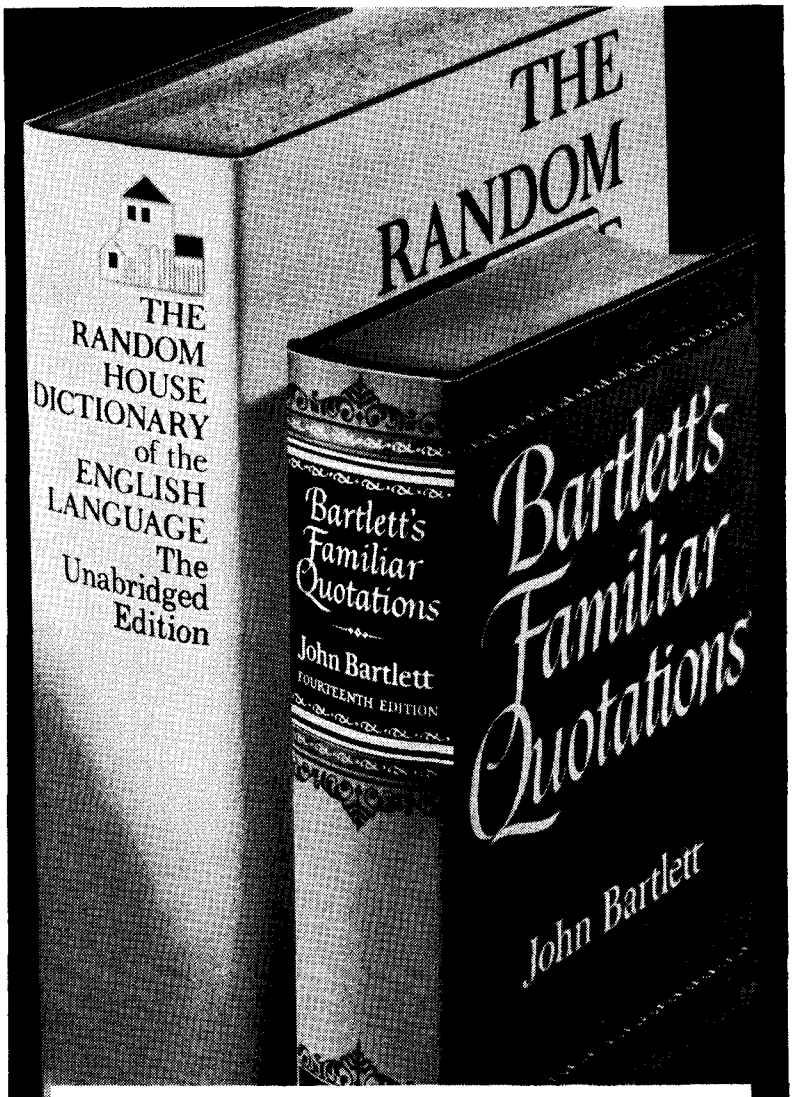

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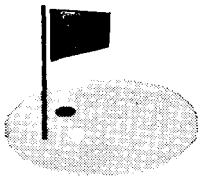

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Saturday Review

May 31, 1969

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by Walter Terry

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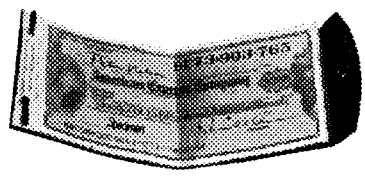

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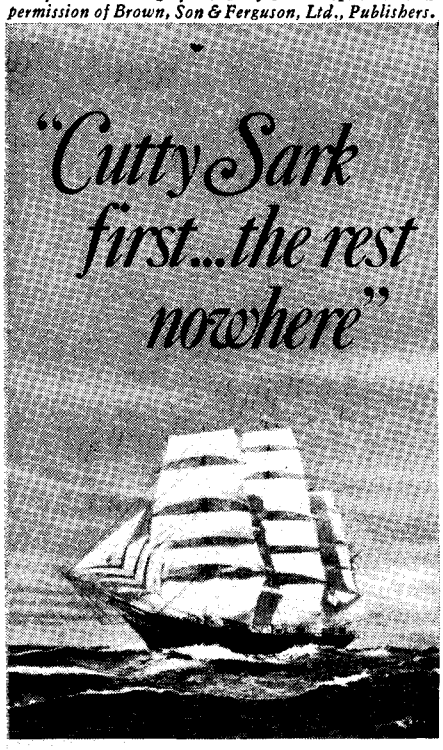

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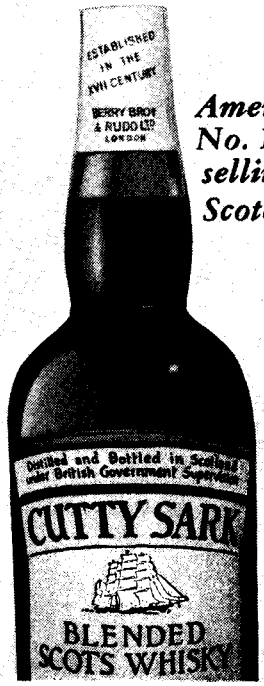

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Those Blip Blip Censors Blip the Hell out of TV

CEN'SOR, n. (L., SCISSORS). *A man walking at night on a street sees a light in the window and says, "A mother praying for the safe return of her boy." A second man sees the light and says, "Oh boy, hanky-panky going on up there." That second man is a censor.*

There have been a lot of exciting happenings in TV these last few weeks. Not on the home screens, heaven forbid, but in the offices of the network executives and in Congress.

At the moment, the main issue is whether TV programs should be censored by the Government, by the networks, or by Senator Pastore. This was dramatized by the sudden cancellation by the CBS network of one of its better and more meaningful programs. The argument against censorship is basic: Today the Smothers Brothers, tomorrow the Lennon Sisters.

Censorship, if allowed to prevail, could easily spread across the TV schedules to any Tom, Dick, or *Laugh-In*. In spite of the fact that brother Tom is constantly quoted as saying that nobody is censoring *Laugh-In*, so why pick on his program? This could only lead to Congress's censoring *Laugh-In*.

The two programs, however, are disparately motivated. The Smothers, in their revolt against our times, present their unhappiness with the Establishment as a crusade—always partisan. Dan Rowan and Dick Martin in a cascade of humor throw one-liners indiscriminately at all sacred cows.

This is in the tradition of Will Rogers. When he said, "We have the best Congress money can buy," he didn't specify names or point satirically at Democrats or Republicans. Nor does Bob Hope in his masterful monologues seem intent on embarrassing either party or any particular man in high office. He scatters his targets and the darts land where they may.

Censorship is not new in the mass media. Years ago, Fred Allen, a gentleman and a writer-performer of impeccable taste, was in the vanguard of the avant-garde. Every week he was locked in struggle with a bluenosed censor with pencil to match. But Mr. Allen solved his problems quietly, without incurring the wrath of the network.

Each week he would deliberately insert in his scripts three obviously unacceptable quips that were considered in that day "excessive permissiveness." In the final settlement with the censor, he would offer to take out those three if the censor would permit the rest of the script to stand. This compromise always worked, calmly, and without public pronouncement by Mr. Allen to impair the image of the network. Which is being bruited about in TV circles as the reason behind the reason for the cancellation of the exacerbated and loquacious Smothers.

Also there are those cynics who wonder if it was truly a dirty word that caused the Smothers Brothers cancellation. They say it was a dirty number. The number is twenty-four. Which is where the brothers had dropped in the Nielsen standings.

The Smothers quarrel began a month or two ago when CBS would not permit their show to go on the air, because it hadn't been presented in time for the network censors to examine the script for "excessive permissiveness." So the program was held up while the censors did their blipping in two particular segments.

One was a line in a routine by a guest comedian on the show. (Blip blip blip.) The other was a line used by Joan Baez in introducing one of her folk songs. She had explained in the original script that the song was part of an album she had recently recorded, and was dedicated to her husband, David, who was being sent to prison in June because he was not too enthusiastic about going to Vietnam. As a matter of fact, he had refused to be drafted. In the show as finally aired, the line spoken was "dedicated to my husband, David, who is going to prison in June." (Blip, blip, blip.)

However, the censors, in their zeal to blip the comedian and Miss Baez, either overlooked a questionable joke by the Smothers, or they didn't quite get it, but which was "excessive permissiveness." I'm an ardent fan of the brothers, and I am as liberated in my rhetoric as the next girl, but in this family magazine I wouldn't repeat the eight-letter word. (That'll keep you Double-Crostic fans busy.)

The bad, bad word was not actually spoken on the show. It was implied by a clean sound-alike, seven-letter word which was spoken by Dick Smothers, and reacted to by brother Tom. (If you give up, your curiosity piqued, I'll be glad to send you the word in a plain brown paper wrapper.)

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When you invest a billion dollars to help the cities, you learn some things.

be your-self

In the catch phrase, do your own thing. That's one thing we learned in the life insurance business in trying to help the cities. Everyone should do what he does best.

About 18 months ago, a lot of life insurance companies decided they should give the inner cities the kind of help they were good at. Investment loan help. To make jobs and homes. Because the life insurance business traditionally invests in housing and enterprise. The companies that pledged this money, big companies and not so big, make up the lion's share of our business. And among them they pledged a billion dollars.

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We found that each person, each group, each government agency, each business has to lend its own talents. Each has to "be itself."

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Just as other businesses, which we found contributing their special aptitudes.

At the outset of the pledged billion, a good many hard-headed people said this venture couldn't be done.

But with the cooperation of others, it is *being* done. In fact, it's very nearly completed. And now?

A second billion has been pledged.

A second billion dollars with the same aims as the first.

But leaning on what has been learned through the first.

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Yes, there are people at the American Express Company. I kept writing letters about a mistake in my credit card bill. All I could get for an answer were more bills on which the computer had typed in capital letters: "Your account is seriously overdue." After months of this, someone told me that if you staple, bend, or mutilate the card it cannot be put through the machine, and a human being has to be sent for.

The next month I stapled my bill and sent it back. Eventually I got a letter making the correction and a bill with the proper charge. This correspondence had been bent and mutilated, and there were forty-four staples in it which I had to remove before I could unfold it to read the message. Computers wouldn't do that; they are much too kind.

All cats aren't happy, according to C. Richard Calore, editor of *Voice of the Voiceless*, a magazine dealing with the plight of dumb animals. Calore founded the National Cat Protection Society, one of the goals of which is to do something about the exploding feline population. He says there are 40 million cats in this country, but homes for only 22 million of them. That means that 18 million are surplus, dying of starvation or thirst, getting killed on the highways, or being sent to laboratories for vivisection. The Society's aims include a program of euthanasia for homeless cats. It also wants owners to have their pets spayed or neutered, and to stop letting them breed litter after litter. As veterinarians are charging up to $40 for such an operation, there's that matter to work on, too.

With problems like these facing the felines of our nation, no wonder they are hooked on catnip. It's a catastrophe.

Is there no limit to the rebellious nature of our youth? Campbell Harvey tells me about the strike at Cass School in Detroit. He described it as follows:

> The Board of Education unjustly dismissed Mr. E. C. Whitney on the charge of kissing and hugging girls. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of the past week the A-room pupils went on a strike and said they would not return to school until Whitney was reinstated. They had petitions sent around, and more than 500 people signed them. I started one among the alumni up at High School. Last Thursday night, the Board reconsidered the matter and did not replace him.

Those words are more than half a century old. They were contained in a letter Campbell Harvey had written to his sister Alice, September 27, 1903. Today, Mr. Harvey takes his ease in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, reflecting, he tells me, on how there is nothing new under the sun.

Further proof of it comes from Esther Highland in the form of a clipping from a 1939 New York *Daily News*. Someone wrote to the editor to complain:

> Boy, did I get a fright! I walked into a downtown subway train, and there before my very eyes was a group of hairy monsters dangling from the traps. I nearly dropped in my tracks—till a second look showed me that they were only CCNY boys lacking haircuts.

Today those boys are no doubt complaining about their sons' locks.

I haven't heard any more about Godfrey's Cordial, the poisonous drink given to unwanted children in England a century ago, which I read about in *Jennie*. I've been wondering who was Godfrey. I looked vainly in *Whose What?* (Holt) a new book by Dorothy Rose Blumberg which is otherwise replete with much fascinating information about familiar proper names and what goes with them, from Aaron's beard to Zorn's lemma. For instance, there was a chap named Hobson, who ran a stable in Cambridge during the sixteenth century. He had forty horses, which he hired out to students. The rule was that whoever rented one had to take the animal in the stall nearest the door, so that the nags were used in rotation. That was Hobson's choice. I guess it was the one offered to the kids along with Godfrey's Cordial.

When his sixteen-year-old daughter suddenly asked him how to find out more about the period before and after World War I for her American history studies, Maurice Zolotow immediately said, "The first thing is to read John Dos Passos." He went to a secondhand bookstore and picked up the old Mod-

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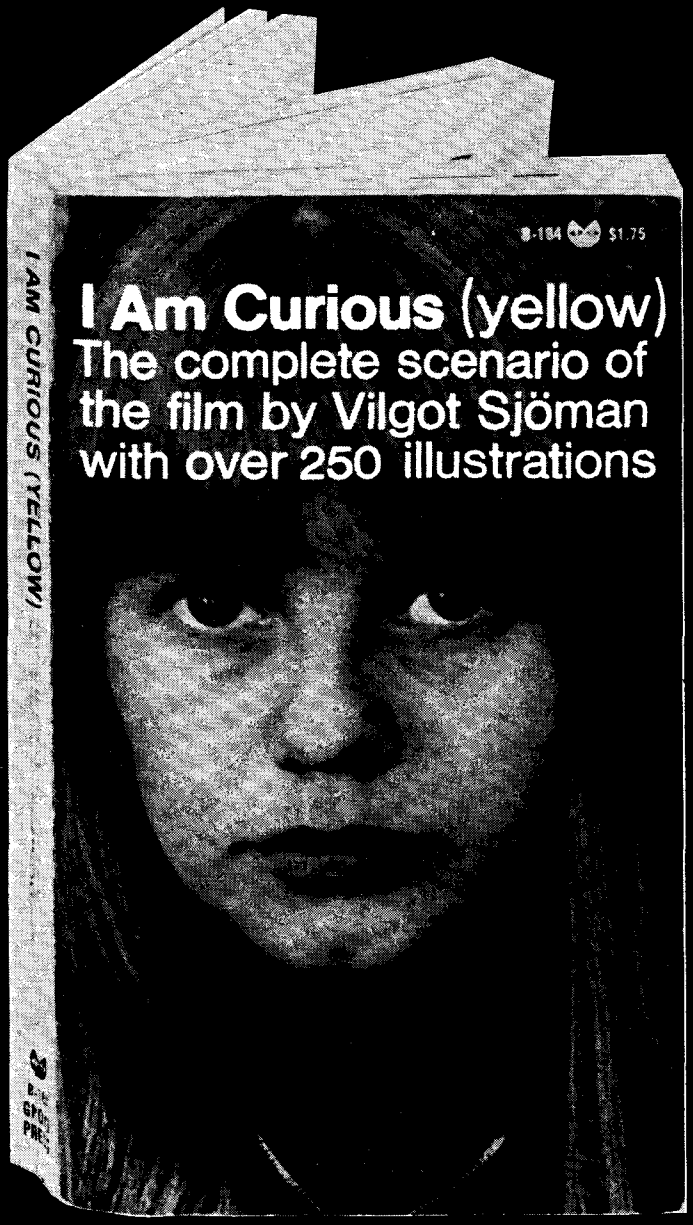
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ern Library giant of *U.S.A.* for her, and she loved it. That made Zolotow happy, for, as he told me, "I have always thought of it as the greatest American novel of our time." The next thing he knew he was reading *Portnoy's Complaint*. He came to the episode in which the hero is attempting to culturally uplift his mistress, Monkey. And what is on Portnoy's reading list for her but the *USA* trilogy!

Sharps and Flats: *The North American Review* was founded in 1815 and is probably the oldest extant American journal. After a troubled period, it was revived in 1964 at Cornell College, and it is now entering a new phase. The *Review* enjoys the protection and support of the University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls, Iowa. It is a quarterly with high aspirations, and we wish it well.

► Charles Sonnen received a new book of blank checks from the bank with his name and account number printed thereon. With it came a notice to this effect: "In processing many thousands of orders daily on automated equipment, due to the human element involved there is always the possibility of error, so please verify the account title and number." Sonnon verified and found everything correct, and he doesn't know whether to credit the automated equipment or the human element involved.

► A man in Carmel, California, reports that his aunt is taking a speed-reading course. "All her life she's been reading her Bible straight through once each year. Now she's shooting for every six months."

► In a bookstore on the Mt. Holyoke College campus Michael Pardee saw Homer's *Odyssey* displayed, perhaps appropriately, under travel books.

► Show me a prospering shoplifter and I'll show you a person whose business is picking up. (Please don't send me any more Show-Me's.)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1833)

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SOUL ON ICE

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Saturday Review
May 31, 1969

Nuclear Accidents and the ABM

"... the Air Force admitted that ... four of the six safety mechanisms ... had moved to the 'go' position. In other words, only two safety systems remained in a locked position, and the remaining group of four had acted in a completely unscheduled and potentially dangerous fashion."

By JOEL LARUS

The current debate about the utility of deploying an anti-missile system to protect this country's deterrent capability has again raised a number of basic questions about the possibility and consequences of an American-caused nuclear weapons accident. Because the safety of our atomic and hydrogen arsenal relates so closely to top-secret command and control procedures, reliable information about U.S. anti-accident techniques and experiences is most difficult to obtain and even more ticklish to evaluate sagaciously. Yet the public fears the possibility of such incidents, and their anxiety is not assuaged by the events of recent years. Last fall, for example, when Washington announced that the Sentinel system was going to be located in Chicago, Detroit, Seattle, Boston, and New York, local residents determinedly challenged the wisdom of installing missiles close to urban centers when an inadvertent detonation of a nuclear warhead could not be discounted. One Congressman reports that this fear dominated all other considerations in the hundreds of letters he received from constituents protesting the Pentagon's decision.

The more recent announcement of the Nixon Administration that it planned to deploy a limited ABM system, Safeguard, in the remote areas around the Minutemen silos, primarily in Montana and North Dakota, has lessened the general public's concern about nuclear weapons safety, but there is no reason for indifference or complacency. Even though the Safeguard system may be located in thinly populated states and not near leading industrialized centers, it does not necessarily follow that a mishap at such a site could not affect the lives and well-being of Americans residing in cities far from Montana and North Dakota. If an ABM accident should take place, the site of greatest probability is the area near the Safeguard system, but a computer running amuck or an unfavorable wind pattern could mean plutonium poisoning for many people hundreds of miles from the missile location.

One way to estimate the chance for an ABM failure and also to have some background information about the safety features of this country's nuclear arsenal, is to review our successes and failures in twenty-four years of watching over atomic and nuclear bombs (in military parlance, "safing the nukes"). When America's record of nuclear mishaps—"Broken Arrows"—is examined, one conclusion is inescapable: the human mind has been unable to construct a safety system for nuclear weapons that is accident-free, no matter how much time, money, and technological genius are assigned to the project. (According to military terminology, a Broken Arrow is any unplanned occurrence involving the loss of, destruction of, or major damage to a nuclear weapon or its components that results in an actual or potential hazard to life or property.) It is well to remember that mechanical and human failures are as much a part of the age of nuclear technology as mushroom clouds and fireballs.

There are two types of nuclear mishaps that could bring about accidental radioactivity. Most serious is the unauthorized, unintentional, or inadvertent nuclear explosion that results in a full-scale chain reaction. This type of detonation might be the result of a mechanical error, a human failure, or a combination of both, but no matter what the source of the accident there would be a Hiroshima-type explosion replete with the multifold problems of toxic radiation.

It is generally agreed that an American-sponsored accidental chain reaction detonation has a very low probability. In the years since the first atomic bomb was dropped, this country has produced thousands of nuclear weapons of all shapes, sizes, and yields. They have been transported about the entire world, and in the process they have been assembled, disassembled, inspected, loaded onto delivery vehicles, unloaded, checked and rechecked to maintain their efficiency. Squadrons of Americans of various temperaments and emotional

Joel Larus is professor of politics at New York University and the author of *Nuclear Weapons Safety and the Common Defense* (1967).

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characteristics have been trained to detonate both strategic and tactical systems under a variety of conditions and circumstances, many of which have not been especially conducive to the good mental health of the personnel involved. In spite of the innumerable opportunities for an accidental Hiroshima to have taken place, America's safety record insofar as this first category of possible failures is concerned has been perfect. The technicians who designed our safety controls (essentially a complex interacting arrangement of locks and switches that must be triggered in sequence) have established a safety record unequaled in the history of military technology.

Were it not for two Broken Arrow incidents that took place in 1960 and 1961 it would be possible to be even more sanguine about our future record of no-yield incidents. These accidents dramatically illustrate why there is always a possibility that as a result of extraordinarily bizarre circumstances there could be an accidental chain reaction.

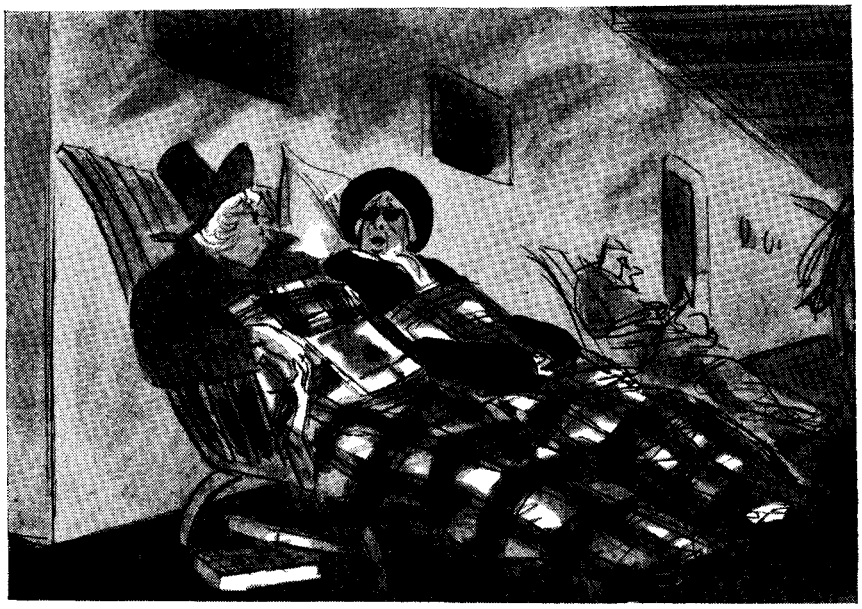
In the Goldsboro, North Carolina, failure, which took place in January 1961, a SAC B-52 bomber on a training mission was carrying two 24-megaton bombs. The pilot, realizing that his plane was going to crash, had sufficient time to jettison one bomb. It was parachuted and landed in a field completely intact. There was no explosion of any type. A terse and uninformative Air Force press release stated that one of the unarmed nuclear devices the plane carried had been dropped safely by parachute and had been recovered undamaged. The second bomb was found in the plane's wreckage.

For the last eight years physicist Dr. Ralph Lapp has maintained that the Pentagon's investigation of the Goldsboro incident had revealed a frightening situation. He alleged that in falling to the earth five of the six interlocks built into the bomb had been set off and that only a single switch prevented the 24-megaton weapon from producing a yield detonation. Washington adamantly refused to offer any more particulars concerning the post-accident condition of the safety system. Recently the Air Force was forced to come clean and reveal just how unpredictable mechanical safeguards on nuclear weapons can be, even those designed with infinite care and tested meticulously. Goaded by Congressman Sydney R. Yates of Illinois, who was determined to prevent the installation of the Sentinel system near Chicago, the House Appropriations Committee recently asked for an authoritative answer to the Goldsboro bomb mystery. In reply, the Air Force admitted that their inspecting teams in 1961 had found that four of the six safety mechanisms during the accident had moved to the "go" position. In other words, only two safety systems remained in a locked position, and the remaining group of four had acted in a completely unscheduled and potentially dangerous fashion. Pentagon and AEC officials prefer to call attention to the two devices that remained uncompromised, but a more relevant issue is to determine why there were so many failures and whether it can happen again.

An earlier Broken Arrow incident took place at McGuire Air Force Base (New Jersey) in June 1960. This accident is especially noteworthy in view of the extended debate about the reliability of the computer-programed Safeguard system and its hair-trigger reaction time. If information available from nongovernmental sources concerning the McGuire mishap is authentic—and in my opinion the source of the account is highly reliable—the incident highlights the problem of protecting an incredibly complex weapons system from being triggered by totally unexpected sources.

Some of the facts about McGuire are not in dispute. At 2:51 p.m. smoke and fire began to emerge from one of fifty-six Bomarc missile shelters. Two minutes later local fire crews arrived, and by 3:05 the entire missile complex was evacuated. For the next several hours, officers and enlisted personnel, reinforced by firemen from adjacent communities, fought heavy flames and smoke. According to *The New York Times*'s account, the missile's propellant fuel ignited, its atomic warhead fell into the molten pool of fire, split open, and released radioactive material into the environment. The Air Force admits that radioactivity was present during the incident, but maintains that the fire started when a high-pressure bottle of helium exploded from unknown causes.

The uncorroborated version of the origin of the fire is considerably more alarming. This source alleges that while the Bomarc's crewmen were at dinner, they noticed that their unat-



"You can imagine my disillusionment when I discovered that a marquis corresponds roughly to our ward captain or county leader."

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tended missile was preparing itself for an unauthorized launch. Rushing frantically to their station the men succeeded in aborting the erection. The account continues:

> Even after detailed investigation there is no real understanding what series of factors caused the electronic brain controlling Bomarc firing . . . to issue the fire order to that nuclear weapon. The hypothesis is that a combination of the radio signals from passing police cars plus the tunes being played by a local disc jockey happened, in one of those occurrences of statistical probability, to combine into a signal that fed itself into the electronic brain as a fire order.

To date, the Defense Department declines to comment on this version of the McGuire accident.

As mentioned earlier, there is a second category of nuclear mishaps that can cause accidental radioactivity. In my opinion it has a much higher probability factor than the full-scale yield detonation accidents and consequently is the greater menace. It involves the nuclear bomb or missile that becomes ruptured when unusual energy inputs or physical stresses react unfavorably with the TNT component of the weapon. The heat or shock causes the TNT girdle enclosing the plutonium to explode, and the entire weapon blows apart. As soon as the integrity of the outer metal casing is destroyed, fissionable (not fissioned) material is strewn about the situs of the accident. Radioactive plutonium dust contaminates everything it contacts, and all human and animal life is endangered in this "hot" area.

Since 1945 the United States has caused an indeterminate number of this type of accident. If the Pentagon's figure of thirteen nuclear weapons accidents is complete and accurate, this country has been responsible for one Broken Arrow incident every two years on the average since Hiroshima. If the tally is closer to twenty or twenty-two mishaps, as some nongovernmental sources believe, this country has had approximately one potentially catastrophic emergency every year since the end of World War II. Whatever the exact number, there is no disputing the fact that American bombs or missiles that have been accidentally blown apart (but not detonated), have jeopardized the lives of residents of at least three countries, injured an unknown number of homes and factories, and contaminated the natural resources of at least three parts of the globe. No one has died or experienced lasting injury as a result of these Broken Arrows (at least not according to the unclassified information), but each failure exemplifies the radioactivity crisis that arises when a nuclear weapon scatters undetonated plutonium.

In January 1966, for example, four hydrogen bombs fell on Palomares, Spain, an isolated farming hamlet on the Mediterranean coast. Before this incident was over, the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission, assisted by a small army of civilian experts, had staged the most expensive, intensive, harrowing, and feverish land and sea search for a man-made object in world history.

The accident took place when a B-52 on a training mission and a KC-135 tanker collided about 30,000 feet above the Mediterranean. Either a fire broke out in the tanker during the refueling mission and spread to the bomber, or the planes failed to rendezvous properly. In any event, both planes plummeted to earth, scattering wings, fuselages, engine sections, wheel assemblies, and jet fuel over a wide area.

The four hydrogen bombs are believed to have been either the 20- or 25- megaton variety, and all were being transported in the customary unarmed condition. Each bomb landed in a different impact area in or about Palomares. One embedded itself in a dry river bed east of the village. It was found within hours after the crash and was undamaged except for some severe dents. It caused no radiation contamination problems. The second and third bombs slammed to the earth with such impact that the TNT exploded. Within seconds millions of particles of plutonium dust blanketed wide areas of Palomares.

Because plutonium is one of the most toxic substances known to man, American and Spanish authorities lost no time in beginning emergency clean-up operations. Plutonium has a half-life of 24,000 years, and the maximum permissible burden that the human system can tolerate is a speck-like amount described as two-billionths of a gram. Persons who inhale or ingest as little as 2/10,000ths of an ounce of plutonium dust can become deathly ill. As an added complication, alpha radiation from the plutonium is considerably more difficult to detect than any other type of radiation. An Air Force publication advised search teams to hold detection instruments within one-eighth inch of the surface to be tested in order to obtain a reliable Geiger counter reading. The booklet adds that it is nearly impossible to secure an accurate count when surfaces such as plowed earth, wheat stubble, and gravel roads have to be checked for radiation exposure.

For the next three months the 234 families of Palomares became internationally famous as the soldiers, airmen, and civilians scoured the countryside for evidence of radiation contamination. The economy of the village all but collapsed because hundreds of pounds of tomatoes, which normally would have been sold throughout Spain, were thrown away or left rotting on the plants because the Geiger crews could not work quickly enough. Local farmers within a 640-acre zone were barred from entering their fields. Teams of medical specialists examined each man, woman, and child, testing in a variety of ways for traces of plutonium poisoning. Only a few of the local peasants could understand the situation; for the rest it was simply *el desastre.*

Before the land was returned to the

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owners, the United States had packed 1,750 tons of radioactive Palomares soil and vegetation into 5,000 sealed metal drums. The contaminated pieces of the two planes were similarly encased. This debris—the dung of the nuclear age—ultimately was brought back to the United States and buried in a nuclear graveyard in South Carolina.

The fourth hydrogen bomb that fell at Palomares caused even greater complications. This weapon came to rest about five miles offshore on a ledge 2,500 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean. A force of sixteen ships was assembled and included several midget submarines, scuba teams, underwater specialists, sonar experts, and oceanic photographers. For about eighty days the 3,000 men carried out this aspect of the recovery assignment. It was imperative that the fourth weapon be returned to American custody not only because of security considerations, but also because we needed to know if the bomb had ruptured and plutonium had contaminated the sea and its marine life. When brought to the surface on April 7, the bomb's outer casing was deeply dented but, miraculously, without a rupture. It is alleged that the underwater operation alone cost this country $6 million.

"Look, Madam, go to Macy's. Give them a hard time."

The Palomares incident does not end with the recovery of all the bombs. In the succeeding three years press reports occasionally have told how the accident has changed life in the area. A battery of four Geiger counters still runs continuously to monitor the region for signs of plutonium radiation. Each villager continues to receive $66 per month if he permits Spain's Nuclear Energy Committee to check his body daily for evidence of overexposure to radiation. Up to now the farmers have received $700,000 on various claims they presented to the United States, and eleven cases are still pending. What cannot be altered with American bounty is the attitude that the Spanish people now have about the village and its farm products. All that grows in Palomares is suspected of being radioactive, and so there is no market for its fruits and vegetables. Fifty per cent of the people are reported to have been forced to migrate to more attractive farm areas. According to one resident, life has gone from the town and within a few years it will be quite empty.

The most recent Broken Arrow to be reported took place in January 1968 near a runway at the Thule Air Force Base in northern Greenland. A B-52 crashed and exploded while attempting to make an emergency landing. The plane admittedly was carrying four 1.1-megaton hydrogen bombs. On impact all broke into fragments and scattered plutonium over the frozen surface of North Star Bay. Winds up to 27 miles per hour, temperatures in the 20-30 degree-below-zero range, daylight for only three or four hours at a spell, and continual swirling snows and Arctic storms added to the general emergency situation. In fact, this recovery operation was carried out on the most inhospitable site yet encountered by a Broken Arrow task force. The impact area was about a mile long and half-a-mile wide. Within this region were found thousands of pieces of the plane, all highly radioactive and dangerous to the body.

Immediately following news of the crash there was considerable concern that plutonium might have entered the ice and waters of the bay. The Danish government placed a prohibition on all fishing in the seas near the accident site, and this restriction lasted for three months. In addition, it banned local fox hunters from any trapping whatsoever in the Thule area, and this order remained in force for nine months. Available sources do not mention what steps were taken to protect the Eskimos from eating the meat of seals, walruses, and polar bears, but presumably such procedures were necessary because these animals might have been contaminated from eating radioactive marine life.

As in all Broken Arrow mishaps, the most complex and costly problem is cleaning the ground area so that it is no longer "hot." At Thule, tons of radioactive snow and ice were an immediate hazard and had to be removed and secured. Teams of men were assigned the task of gathering the snow, ice, and the remains of the B-52 for shipment to the United States.

The main reasons why Congress should not authorize the Safeguard system have been explained at length elsewhere and need only be reviewed here. They are 1) that the ABM deployment could escalate the arms race at a time when there may be a real opportunity to achieve a nuclear détente with the Russians; 2) that the system is predicated on invalid assumptions concerning the strategic options open to the Chinese and Russians in the coming decade; and 3) that the estimated $6-to-$7-billion cost of the system ought to be used to help remedy our domestic problems. A fourth reason against the ABMs has been offered here: Nuclear weapons have a propensity to become involved in human and mechanical error situations, and when these Broken Arrow mishaps take place, the impact area and its environs are contaminated with toxic plutonium. The deployment of more nuclear weapons than is uncontrovertibly necessary to maintain America's deterrent posture is unwise because it invites future accidents.

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THE MISSION OF POLITICS

By PIERRE MENDES-FRANCE

I have derived valuable experience (even if it has not always been pleasant!) from the many functions I have performed as a member of deliberative bodies—the National Assembly or local assemblies—as well as in executive positions—head of the French government, mayor of a small provincial city, and so forth.

However diverse they appear to be, there exists no truly essential difference between these activities. Admittedly, the responsibilities involved have not always been identical; they are much greater when they happen to be on a national level. But the duties of someone elected by the people—whether he be mayor, deputy, minister, or head of government—are of the same nature. In all these functions, so varied in the eyes of the public, you are a representative, acting always in the name of other people, for the benefit of those who have chosen you, who have placed their trust in you, and toward whom you have contracted fundamental obligations.

And yet it is not sufficient to limit yourself to being purely and simply their interpreter, to serving the tendencies that you observe among those who have elected you. Sometimes, you must warn them of an error, correct the influences of special interests by showing what the general interest requires, resist enticements that translate private concerns or that come from incomplete or tendentious information. That is what makes the political mission difficult and trying; there are moments when courage is required. But that is also what confers upon it its true usefulness and its true dignity.

In my opinion, politics is not what one calls a vocation or a profession, even if a man devotes all his time and all his trouble to it. It is a mission, with its greatness and with its demands, which can be burdensome. For if there are several ways, both good and bad, to approach politics, those which most effectively serve or guarantee a man's personal ambitions are not necessarily the best, as far as the general interest is concerned.

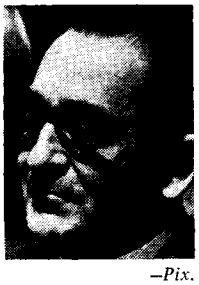
I became interested in politics a very long time ago. (Perhaps it was, all things considered, a youthful error.) I did not then have a clear idea of the risks involved for someone who wants, with all his strength, to place service to the collectivity above everything else, to defend it at all times and in all places, even if his opinions are unpopular, if the majority rejects them, and he thus compromises his career, at least for a while. These risks, which I did not fully measure then and which I know very well today, do not modify my conception of political action and combat.

That is because I remain, in spite of everything, an optimist, because I believe that truth and justice always have, eventually, the last word. More than once I have had the experience of not convincing my fellow countrymen of certain unpleasant or painful truths. I have seen in each case that these truths won out in the end. And it will always be that way in the future, even if, in the meantime, one must be patient, sometimes wage a murky struggle, wait for time to pass.

To young people who are thinking of a political career, I want to say this: if you dread those struggles in which you are sustained only by the conviction that the great causes to which you are attached will win out irresistibly one day, with you or without you or after you; if you dread confrontations that go on for years, marked by discouragement and reverses, until the moment when the facts and history at last render their verdict; if you prefer to avoid a life richer in uncertainties than in triumphs, in disappointments than in rewards—then I advise you, without hesitation, to stay out of politics. But if you like the invigorating sensation of striving for what you believe in, in behalf of noble convictions, then enter the arena without fear, for men like you are needed.

Your first duty in that case will be to maintain a frank and loyal dialogue with the people, as constantly as possible; and if you become the people's elected representative, you must keep up the dialogue with your constituents, whether at the local or the national level.

When this dialogue between elected representative and voter is broken off, or even if it becomes episodic and indifferent, or if it is altered by demagoguery (that is, by lying), the political function loses all meaning and importance. Of course, you can be re-elected and remain in the assemblies or in the government as a result of the kind of inertia that characterizes the political apparatus, but you run the risk of soon betraying your mission, and gradually you become incapable of building solidly and durably for the country. For a man in politics is strong, authoritative, and efficacious only insofar as he represents the will of those who have elected him. No government can act usefully if public opinion does not support it. If the country does not encourage it when it faces up to the difficulties of its task, it is doomed to avoid making the decisions and reforms it was expected to make, to being satisfied with a vague kind of conservatory management, on a day-to-day basis



—*Pix.*

Resigning as French Premier in 1955, Pierre Mendès-France stood before his opposition and cried passionately: "How can the nation forget the hopes we have aroused? How can you doubt that the nation has acquired a taste for truth. . . ." Such has been the Mendès-France style throughout a prolific and turbulent career as politician, lawyer, and economist. He was born in Paris in 1907, and received a doctor's degree from the University of Paris. In 1932, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies as a Radical Socialist. Imprisoned by the Vichy in 1940, Mendès-France escaped down a rope of bed sheets and joined the Fighting French Air Force. In 1944, he became Minister of the National Economy and two years later was appointed Governor for France of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Soon after becoming Premier in 1954, Mendès-France became enmeshed in a bitter struggle over France's participation in the European Defense Community. After his resignation the next year, Mendès-France served as Minister of State Without Portfolio. He has written numerous books and articles and has served as editor in chief of *Le Cahiers de la Republique.*

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—and it may even give in to special interests and other pressures that try to deflect it from the policies it had promised to pursue. If, on the contrary, the government seeks and obtains the support of the country, mobilizing and setting in motion those who want progress and reforms, it can overcome the greatest and most formidable obstacles.

It is certainly not easy for someone in a position of political responsibility, especially when his duties are heavy, to keep up a daily dialogue with the assemblies and with the people. However, if one goes to the heart of the matter, it is upon this that his success depends.

There is another and, in a way, opposite danger. One must be on guard against the abuses inherent in systematic government propaganda. Under a dictatorship, even if it is benign, propaganda seeks by every possible means, including the most unscrupulous, to win citizens over to a doctrine that does not originate with them, but rather is imposed upon them from above. In a democracy, the opposite is true: the orientation, the driving force should emanate from the country and the representatives it has chosen. The government reports to the assemblies and to the people like a servant to his master. It informs, it recommends, it gets the entire nation interested in its destiny and in what is being done to fulfill it. But what is willed originates with the nation; it is the nation that exercises its power through the government. For this to be possible, the duly constituted authorities, the elected representatives, and the people themselves have precise duties.

For politics is not the possession of those who give it all their time, all their efforts. It belongs to everybody, and everybody ought to be involved in it. Many people today go so far as to say that politics is none of their business; they think about it as little as possible and refuse to have anything to do with it. I do not hesitate to accuse them of ingratitude, for by refusing to take part in the general search for what is good and true, in the often arduous struggle to achieve necessary solutions, they are refusing to pay their debt to the collectivity, to that society which, in the final analysis, they are taking advantage of, which helps and protects them, at least to a certain extent. Do they not owe everything they are and everything they have to the countless contributions and even to the sacrifices of those who have preceded them and of those who live around them? Everyone should remember that he is first of all a debtor; the services he may render to society are only very partial repayments for what he has previously received.

"I have an unlisted number."

However, during recent times, too, many men and women have adopted a kind of indifferent attitude toward the state. They have sometimes got into the habit of considering the state as a vast machine that can operate by itself, in a more or less satisfactory way, and that needs neither their active participation nor even their unreserved support. Conversely, because they have gradually lost the feeling of solidarity symbolized by the state, these citizens (who are not playing their role as such) no longer look to it for an improvement in their collective condition, but rather seek certain special advantages, won by the groups or categories to which they belong. The result of this weakening of democracy has often been a dual imbalance that is especially evident in Europe.

There is imbalance, first of all, between private interests and the national interest. Each private interest, if it involves a sufficient number of individuals, finds, as is only natural, its defenders. But the public good, which is less concentrated, finds infinitely fewer and far less impassioned advocates. The mission of the man in politics who is aware of his duty is to make people understand the absurdity of a situation in which various groups, grabbing some advantage or fragmentary protection from the collectivity, cancel one another out, whereas the bill resulting from mediocrity and economic stagnation has to be paid by all.

Second, there is imbalance between the extent of the state's responsibilities and the psychological support it receives to meet them. The evolution of society has greatly increased the state's task, especially in the economic and social sectors; the international situation also forces the state to make decisions that will be crucial for the future. More than at any other time in history, governments need to be the expression of a firm, considered collective will. If individuals seek refuge in a refusal to accept their civic responsibilities, it is community life as a whole which suffers the consequences.

By declaring themselves resolutely for the general interest, by opening their dockets to the country and public opinion, all elected leaders should awaken everywhere the feeling of solidarity that gets citizens involved in the great issues that concern everyone. In turn, a sense of civic responsibility and citizens' involvement should make it possible for public officials to fight against selfishness, routinism, and special privileges and to win recognition for the supremacy of what is good for the public as a whole.

In the twentieth century, collaboration between citizens and their representatives is, in the last analysis, the irreplaceable condition for the functioning and progress of democracy.

—Translated by David Noakes.

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John T. Winterich

One Every Minute

About a year ago, scare headlines alerted the public to a new kind of Yellow Peril: the common banana. According to the front-page stories, big-city hippies and other aberrant types had found that if they smoked dried scrapings from the inner lining of banana peels, they would end up as high and free-floating as a weather balloon.

The new craze was already at flood tide, the press exclaimed, and banana counters clear across the country were being swept clean by thrill-hungry teenagers. Rushing home, the youngsters would strip the banana peels of their moist inner lining—their "mellow yellow," as the newspapers dubbed it—and then would dry out this damp guck on the kitchen stove. Eventually, the papers said, the pubescent thrill-seekers would descend into some neighborhood basement, empty storefront, or other handy sin-hole, and there loll about in postures of abandon, puffing away seraphically on roll-your-own mellow-yellow cigarettes.

Such was the state of things when two teams of scientists, one from UCLA and another from NYU, stepped forward to report on their researches into the mellow-yellow peril. Each group had tested bananadine (the "straight" name for mellow-yellow) both analytically and on human subjects, and their findings tallied. "There are," the UCLA group said firmly, "no known hallucinogens in bananadine . . . our tests were all negative."

But what about the scare headlines? And what of all the teen-agers blowing their minds in bananadine dens? The fact was, the UCLA team said, that bananadine-fiends usually did their thing in close communion with like-minded friends, the group mood being heightened by such aids to exaltation as psychedelic lighting. "This would suggest," the scientists said dryly, "that the active ingredient in bananadine is the setting." Their conclusion: the banana-manna scare was a hoax dreamed up by West Coast hippies just for a giggle.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union had not been left at the post in the hoaxing derby. Soviet psychologists had come up with a group of women who, the scientists averred, could read newsprint with their fingertips while their eyes were tightly blindfolded.

This news was soon racing around the globe faster than a speeding satellite. Everywhere, the story was greeted with glad cries and I-told-you-so's. Extra-sensory-perception buffs assured reporters that the phenomenon was, naturally, an old story to them. And professors at several American universities promptly produced local housewives whose fingertips could, they said, both speed-read and tell one color from another. Clearly, the U.S.-U.S.S.R. tactile gap was being narrowed fast.

Then, the awakening: after checking on the Soviet experiments, various Americans—notably Martin Gardner, in a devastating *Science* article—reported that the Soviet testing procedures had not been nearly foolproof enough. Specifically, they said that the Soviet "finger-readers" could have peeped down through very slight gaps in their blindfolds, and thus have cheated on the tests with ease. This peeping technique is well known to magicians as "the nose peek." When stricter procedures were used, the Soviet wonder-women's eerie abilities evaporated, leaving behind—hanging in midair—only the sheepish grins of the victimized scientists.

Clearly, we moderns are just as suggestible as our forefathers ever were. In fact, nowadays, perhaps more than ever, a man has to think twice before he uses satire and spoofery, for people may take him seriously. Robert M. Hutchins, the brilliant educational reformer and maverick, has lately been finding this out. All his life Mr. Hutchins has been urged by more prudent heads to play it safe and not make waves. Several years ago, he decided to lampoon his over-cautious critics by inventing a certain Professor Alexander Zuckerkandl, whose elaborate philosophy of never making waves Hutchins praised, with a straight face, in his public lectures.

Zuckerkandlism requires, Hutchins would tell his audiences, "the elimination of all sensation . . . [this philosophy] supplies mankind with reasons for doing what it is already doing." Since all sensation is pain, Hutchins would explain, we should become totally unconscious, and thus live out our lives free of all pain and guilt.

A recently published book, titled *Zuckerkandl!*, is based on an amusing film short about Hutchins's imaginary professor. The illustrations show the bearded Teutonic sage looking on benignly, but withholding his help, as people within easy reach drown or topple from precipices. The book ends with Zuckerkandlism's rallying cry, "Be unconscious, be detached, don't get involved."

Young people, Hutchins reports, usually laugh and get his message. But many older people take it all quite literally; some berate Hutchins for preaching a degenerate, anti-human philosophy. Others dismay Hutchins by saying they love Zuckerkandlism and want to learn more about the professor's doctrine of living blissfully and guiltlessly, without involvement.

Granted the world's evident susceptibility to plausible-seeming spoofs, we can only rejoice that the hoaxes visited on humankind have not been more ambitious and sinister. The human species will be fortunate indeed if the months ahead bring us deceptions no more iniquitous than banana-peel smoking, fingertip-reading, and a spot of Zuckerkandling.

—Hallowell Bowser.

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Letters to the Editor

Presidential Power

IN HIS ARTICLE "The Limits and Excesses of Presidential Power" [*SR*, May 3], Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., attempts to pin on Lyndon Johnson the entire blame for the war in Vietnam. His effort falls down under careful examination. First, wars have, fundamentally, an economic cause. This cause existed before, during, and after the Presidency of Lyndon Johnson. It was stated clearly and briefly in an official Office of Naval Intelligence report made for the U.S. Senate in 1947. The essential excerpt reads: "Realistically all wars are for economic reasons. To make them politically and socially palatable, ideological issues have always been invoked. Any possible future war will undoubtedly conform to historical precedent." Mr. Schlesinger has completely ignored that causative element.

Second, although the chronology of our involvement in Vietnam does not in any way exonerate Mr. Johnson, it does show that other people had extreme responsibility. The original direct American involvement, to the best of my knowledge, happened on June 27, 1950, when President Truman announced that American military advisers were being sent to Indo-China—now called Vietnam. This policy of sending advisers was pursued, with increases, by President Eisenhower. During his time in office, President Kennedy increased the advisers from a few hundred to thousands and began using them in combat. Strangely enough, in May 1961 President Kennedy had sent Vice President Johnson to Vietnam to make a study of the situation and bring back recommendations. His recommendation was that American combat troops should not be used in Vietnam.

HENRY R. KORMAN,
Longview, Wash.

Limiting Campus Violence

CHARLES A. WHITNEY, professor of astronomy, Harvard University, writes in LETTERS TO THE EDITOR [May 10] that he would not call the city police if one of his sons, "in a fit of rage and malice, broke into our bedroom and ransacked our desk." What would he do? Particularly if the son locked and barricaded the room, and remained there for days, defacing the room and destroying its contents. Would he perhaps appeal to the Commissioner of Mental Health to have his son committed to a mental hospital and carried there by the police?

Faculty members who seem to be isolated from the real world must realize that the universities and colleges are not dealing with children, but with immature, often emotionally disturbed young adults. To be sure, we must understand them, if possible, but there are limits to the destructive behavior which can be accepted, whatever the reasons or the justifications for dissent.

The basic problem facing the administrators is the same problem which faces every parent and every teacher: what are the limits for behavior which interferes with and disregards the rights of others? The concept of limits (or, in old-fashioned terminology, "drawing the line") is a basic element in much of the trouble besetting college and university administrators. They are not helped by immature faculty members (a Ph.D. does not guarantee maturity) who use student revolt to satisfy their own repressed rebellion against authority.

C. H. PATTERSON,
Professor of
Educational Psychology,
University of Illinois,
Urbana, Ill.

One's Own Thing

THREE ITEMS in Henry Hewes's "The Thing Happens" [THE THEATER, Apr. 26] prompt my response. First, it is misleading of him to state that persons under twenty-one are not admitted to *Che!* and that people are warned what kind of performance they will see. The fact is that even we who feel strongly that plays like *Che!* are a Must-Miss will soon inexorably feel the spillover of greater permissiveness in all other subsequent movies and plays written and produced as a result.

Second, why does Mr. Hewes sanctimoniously assume that people who are furious about *Che!* are *not* twice as furious about the Vietnam war and twice as vociferous about air pollution? I, for one, have written many letters to elected representatives clearly stating my opposition to the war and my concern over air and water pollution. I happen to feel the same dull rage over these issues as over the public staging of animalistic behavior in the name of art, and I don't think I am unique.

Third, since when do couples have to view "erotically exciting" theater to become so "pleasurably aroused" that they will "skip their after-theater supper to rush home to make love"? Many of us, in our ignorance, have enjoyed this practice for years, even after such unarousing fare as *Snow White* and *Naughty Marietta*.

ELIZABETH W. ANDERSON,
Seattle, Wash.

Further Thurb

MRS. JAMES THURBER'S letter [*SR*, Apr. 26] supposes that "the dictionary" would not delete "thuoc" to make room for "thurb," a word proposed by Richard Armour in PHOENIX NEST [Dec. 28, 1968]. The supposition is based on *Webster's International* of 1934. *Webster's Third New International*, published in 1961, has omitted "thuoc." Unfortunately, it could not enter "thurb" for lack of any evidence for its existence. Mrs. Thurber believes that "Mitty" may have a better chance than "thurb." For that also we have no evidence, but we do have some for "Mitty-esque," "Mittyish," Mittyist," and "Mitty-like." Merriam is glad to send Mrs. Thurber a complimentary copy of *Webster's Third* to make it easy for her to decide what entry must be removed from some future dictionary so that space for either "thurb" or "Mitty" can be found. Also, she may enjoy reading the definition of "Walter Mitty," which is in, and searching for the two dozen places at which James Thurber is quoted.

PHILIP B. GOVE,
Editor in Chief,
G. & C. Merriam Co.,
Springfield, Mass.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Tennessee's Quest

LIKE EUGENE O'NEILL before him, Tennessee Williams in his later period appears to be turning to more personal material. His most recent work, *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel*, seems concerned with expressing Williams's agony both at the difficult process of artistic creation and at the specter of old age, waning sexual magnetism, and death.

The play's protagonists, who may be a composite of two sides of the playwright's personality, are a woman named Miriam and her husband, Mark. Miriam is a boldly lecherous operator, obsessed with the physical attractiveness of younger men. She sees her pursuit of her compulsion as a necessary affirmation of her vitality. She is resolved to go on with it until the time when her age makes the process of disgraceful behavior and rebuff too painful. Then she will kill herself with a little pill she carries around in a Regency snuffbox.

Her husband, Mark, is a famous painter who has become a nervous wreck, and who may be suffering from a brain tumor. But the source of his anguish is more complicated. First of all, he complains that he is no longer able to maintain a separation between himself and what he is creating. Perhaps his moving to a new style has caused "a loss of momentum," and he needs to recognize that to doubt his own talent is a necessary part of the creative transition. Whatever the reason, his new paintings have apparently degenerated into what Miriam calls "circus-colored mud pies."

While he, the artist, is coming apart, she, the life-force, is sanguinely at work trying to seduce the young barman, and making plans to ship her sick husband back to the United States, while she continues her amorous odyssey around the world.

Since the play is really happening inside Miriam and Mark, and since they are given little opportunity to face each other down, the action is not very dramatic. It is too indirect, too inconclusive, too full of unfinished sentences and awkward attempts at inconsequential humor and abrupt sexual candor. Yet, there are occasional flashes of recognizable Williams poetic dialogue. And the play's ending indicates a concept which, if fulfilled, might have made a fine play. In it, Miriam voices a religious belief that in this life we must all stay within the "circle of light," which is the approving eye of God. And she adds that her husband's error was that he thought that he could create his own circle of light. From his mistake, she apparently realizes that to continue her lustful life is also a foredoomed attempt to create her own circle, and rather than face her husband's fate, she gives up.

Anne Meacham plays Miriam with an intense concentration that always holds our interest. And possibly it is not her fault that we don't find her as pitiable or tragic as we should. Donald Madden moves us more as Mark, who demonstrates his agony in limited appearances. But even here, the playwright has made him less eloquent about his state than we would have liked.

The failure of *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* is unimportant compared with our concern for its author. Tennessee Williams need never write another line to be assured of his supremacy as a playwright. And he can afford to write as many unsuccessful works as he wishes. His quest for the creation of his own circle of light may be painful, but we will rejoice in his determination to follow it.

The great thing about Charles Gordone's new play, *No Place to Be Somebody*, is that despite its melodramatic crudities, it is very actable for its performers and frequently rises above its B-movie plot to communicate a real sense of the despair behind the various interracial attitudes available to black people. The play takes place in a bar run by Johnny Williams, an angry illiterate black man, who has succeeded in running a bar and being a pimp because of a toughness he has learned the hard way. What keeps him going is his ambition to run the rackets in a neighborhood presently controlled by white gangsters.

His bar is peopled with a wide assortment of characters, almost all of whom are convincingly played by the cast at the Public Theater's downstairs playhouse, The Other Stage. Nathan George nicely underplays the viciousness of Johnny, so that we feel the complexity of the character. He has learned early to hate white society and not to trust anybody. Yet, he employs an incompetent white helper, and he loans money to an out-of-work actor. Johnny asks no sympathy, and somehow we excuse his cruelty.

Under the splendid direction of Ted Cornell, the performances are true. Susan Pearson and Lynda Westcott, as white and black prostitutes respectively, demonstrate that professional ties are stronger than racial identities. Henry Baker adds a touch of humor as an effeminate ballet dancer. And most memorable of all is the grizzled alienated performance of Walter Jones as Sweets Crane, the black ex-con, who tries to talk Johnny out of his "Charlie Fever." With deceptive simplicity, he explains, "We couldn't copy Charlie's good points an' live like men. So we copied his bad points. . . . All it did was make us hate him all the more and ourselves, too."

The most dramatic role in the play, however, is that of Gabe, the out-of-work actor, who periodically abandons the naturalistic convention to deliver a number of long monologues that use humor and candor to express the absurdity and tragedy of racism. Ron O'Neal, a handsome actor with a high-voltage voice, makes these electrifying. In "The Ballad of the Potomac Rush," he mocks in doggerel what he considers the unsuccessful Poor People's March and its disunited combination of dissenters with widely differing motives. And he ends up with the sardonic comment, "An' we didn't leave a chitlin behin'."

Later, he takes the hymn "Whiter Than Snow" and sings it as the refrain to a long, sad ballad describing his own futile attempts to become white enough to live in white society. And equally effective is his sarcastic sermon, "They's mo' to bein' black than meets the eye." His epilogue speech in which he mourns the passing of "a people whose identity could only be measured by the struggle, the dehumanization, the degradation they allowed themselves to suffer" is somehow less moving than it should be, and one suspects that here Mr. O'Neal might have been well-advised to depart from the "put-on" style of delivery and risk a direct expression of his emotion.

No Place to Be Somebody does no more than describe the dilemma as it exists. For none of the solutions currently available to the characters in this play seems remotely adequate to the problem. Nevertheless, in stating their frustration without complaint, Mr. Gordone has cracked the convenient attitudes that give false comfort.

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An essay review of André Breton's "Manifestoes of Surrealism," translated from the French by Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (University of Michigan Press, 304 pp., $8.50).

A Program to Remake Human Understanding

By Anna Balakian

For almost half a century André Breton catalyzed creativity in writers and painters from all over the world who came into contact with his magnetic personality, yet his work as poet and essayist, which is one of the milestones of twentieth-century literature, is little known in America. Surrealism has come to be identified with painting rather than with literature, and it has scarcely been placed in philosophical context. The translation, therefore, of the seminal precepts of the founder of the surrealist movement has long been overdue. In view of the intricacies of thought and language characteristic of André Breton's prose, Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane's renderings are remarkably good. Notwithstanding a number of awkward structures, the meaning remains essentially intact in the essays. As originally published, the example of automatic writing, which Breton cryptically called "Soluble Fish," is included as a companion piece to the First Manifesto in this edition, where its spontaneity of language has been successfully preserved. In fact, as translators of one of the most difficult of French writers, Mr. Seaver and Miss Lane have accomplished a significant feat.

Although Breton died in 1966 at the age of seventy, he had enormous confidence in the continuity of his doctrine; he believed it would have immediacy for future generations because for him literature has been a vast interrogation of the very nature of life—that "box with multiple depths." During World War I, Breton, the son of a modest bourgeois from Brittany, had seen his studies at the University of Paris abruptly transferred from the laboratories of the Faculty of Medicine to the psychiatric wards of an army hospital in Nantes. Ripe for revolutionary activity when the war ended, he briefly joined the Dada movement. But by 1920 he had cause to wonder whether the world, if it had to be destroyed, was going to end in a beautiful book or in a poster advertising hell. Slowly, seeking roots in the discontent of previous uprooters, he developed a platform. Breton wanted a rebellion that would adhere to Rimbaud and Lautréamont and at the same time to Hegel and Marx. Rimbaud had said, "Change life"; Marx, "Transform the world." Was there a common ground? Breton, who deplored the brain-washing effects of the bourgeois establishment, had faith in the high potential of the human condition.

In the two Manifestoes that constitute the major part of this volume he proposed a program to "remake human understanding." Guillaume Apollinaire had already challenged the arts to equal the inventiveness of science and coined the adjective "surreal" to describe their innovations. Identifying with "surrealism" the total liberty of the mind in all forms of artistic expression, Breton attacked stagnant uses of language and the formalisms of traditional *genres*.

If Breton's notion of a Manifesto was derived from Marx and Tristan Tzara, his two proclamations of "faith in life" constituted a philosophical meandering rather than a system. A two-tone soliloquy, they were closely related to the activities of the four years that preceded the publication of the First Manifesto in 1924, and the six years that elapsed before the appearance of the Second.

At the beginning of the First Mani-

ANNA BALAKIAN, the author of *Literary Origins of Surrealism* and *Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute*, is currently finishing a book on André Breton.

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festo we are in the presence of a twenty-eight-year-old man who, having divested himself of the conventional crutches that are necessary to attain spiritual serenity in the modern age, nevertheless rejects the cynicism of his time. He is rebellious against mores because, as he sees them, they are too adjusted to the complacent and superficial goals of society at the expense of the human potential. He has repudiated all religious faith yet seeks intimations of the marvelous within the limits of life here and now. "The marvelous is always beautiful, anything marvelous is beautiful, in fact only the marvelous is beautiful." He is searching for the primitive, paradisiac state which we sensed as children, and over which our training in rational thought drew its final veil by the time we were twenty. Had our education encouraged the development of the imagination, memory would have remained sharper and allowed us to retain the innocent sense of life and its aura of magic throughout our adult experience.

Assessing what is recuperable in the human condition, he alights not on the legislated rights of man but on the psychological traits that have survived all yokes; in the very definition he gives of man Breton mentions one of these: "man, that inveterate dreamer daily more discontent with his destiny." Inherent also in man is the idea of liberty, which exalts him in spite of restraints. "Man proposes and disposes," says Breton in his assertion of the power of this characteristic, which, to his mind, can only be evidenced if it is preceded by self-knowledge. In seeking this perception Breton discovered and became committed to two channels of enlightenment: the dream and automatic writing, which he incorporated into his definitions of surrealism.

The First Manifesto was written under the influence of Freud, who more than anyone else in his time showed the interrelationship of dreams and external reality, and revealed—without having himself been specifically aware of it—the possibility of expanding reality by utilizing the dream process and dream data. The encyclopedic meaning, then, of surrealism is based on this confidence in the superior reality that man can attain through application of the dream and free play of the mind. The more limited connotation of surrealism applies to expression: the possibility through language and other forms of art to liberate the mind from social, moral and esthetic controls. "Language has been given to man so that he may make surrealist use of it."

Breton found approval among other young writers, who joined his revolt. Placing his personal commitment in the framework of a collective search, he names most of his companions in the First Manifesto. But the Second Manifesto opens on a note of disruption. Breton recites the bitter roll-call of those who have proved unable to resist the demands of bourgeois life and are, therefore, he says, unable to maintain their integrity as artists. High on the list of alleged corruptions is the need to earn a living, to which so many have bowed; others have confused the principles of surrealism with the political dogma of the Communist Party.

Breton's own very brief involvement with communism had disillusioned him. Although he situated surrealism under the banner of dialectical materialism, his position was similar to what we now recognize as the New Left: Breton held more hope for the surrealist revolution than for the communist as manifested in the Stalin régime. In his opinion, the overt abolition of the class system was insufficient without the eradication of the subconscious acceptance of caste, for agents more powerful than economic revolution must prevail.

He also pondered on the irrelevancy of the freed mind and sharpened imagination if one did not enter the arena of action, if the power to see found no effective target outside itself and if the desire to change one's own life did not extend to a complete metamorphosis: the transformation of the world. Breton included social action in the broader view of human expression, but for the rest of his life he was to be obsessed with the knotty problem of the freedom of the artist in society; he elaborated on this in many subsequent essays, some of which are included in the current volume. In his article "Political Position of Today's Art" (1935) he presents the dilemma that has not ceased to torment artists in our time: how to maintain independence of thought yet collaborate with activist movements "for changing this world." In other words, how to be uncommitted and involved at the same time!

—From "Poésie & Autre," by André Breton (Gallimard).

Portrait of André Breton by Masson, 1941 —realities sprinkled with dream images.

If Hegel replaced Freud as the guiding spirit of the Second Manifesto, Breton's interest in occult philosophies was also keen in the ensuing years; as was true of so many earlier poets such as Blake, Goethe, and Yeats, hermeticism filled a spiritual need for Breton. The call to action, which is an exteriorization of the sense of freedom, was coupled with a desire for "occultation," a further inroad into subjectivity. But Breton revealed himself as demanding with regard to hermetic philosophies as he was about dialectical materialism. Indeed, his search for purity, which made him evoke the miter of ancient magicians and long for a situation of "moral asepsis," drew accusations from former colleagues that he had assumed the character of an old Druid and taken the direction of religious ecstasies.

Breton placed his hopes on those who possess both anger and innocence, who are unspoiled by the temptations of society, and who would be willing to recognize in surrealism's failures only worldly failures. The last words of the Second Manifesto are: ". . . . let [man] one day, vanquished—*but vanquished only if the world is the world*—welcome the discharge of his sad rifles like a salvo fired in salute."

Breton was essentially a poet, and to be a poet went beyond the writing of verse; it comprised the power of provocation in relation to other human beings, and the gift to induce vision in others. In his view these were the attributes that linked great writers, great artists, great gnostics, great political leaders, and the humblest human beings if they were receptive to the miracles of daily life. In the present volume "Soluble Fish" is the only example of the poetic spirit of the author of *Clair de Terre* (Earthshine), *L'Union Libre, Le Revolver à Cheveux Blancs,* and many other important poetic works. Included as an illustration of automatic writing, "Soluble Fish" is really much more than that. It is the first poetic harvest of Breton—his "Illuminations," his expression of the marvelous vision of a young man who seeks self-identification. With a "five-leaf clover" hanging over his shoulder, he infuses all his experiences with a sense of high adventure—his strolls

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about Paris, his love encounters, even reading the daily newspaper. Breton's realities are sprinkled with the dream images of one who ate irregularly, slept lightly, but lived intensely. Without subject, without sequence, "Soluble Fish" ejects like a cluster of fireworks all the ingredients of the future imagery of Breton's poetry.

A companion piece to the Breton translations, which are unannotated, Herbert S. Gershman's *The Surrealist Revolution in France* (University of Michigan Press, 255 pp., $8.50) contains an enormous array of facts about surrealist writers and their activities, a large part of the data being relegated to an appendix or contained in a profusion of notes. Oriented by his own set of values, which permeates the vivid generalizations he makes, Professor Gershman adds nothing essentially new to what was already collected in Maurice Nadeau's *History of Surrealism* and in a volume of Jean Louis-Bédouin, *Vingt Ans de surréalisme* (still untranslated). His presentation, however, is lively and exceedingly readable.

Adopting the literary stance of Colin Wilson, to whom he refers repeatedly, Gershman as the "outsider" lends surrealism his scrutiny but withholds his empathy. The case against Breton is that "in an age of literary pretense [he] has in some way been the Great Pretender: his words have regularly been grander than his deeds, his claims grander than his accomplishments." But what discredits Breton in his eyes would undermine most great writers whose works are not structured on pure rationalism. Poets are indubitably vulnerable to the kind of clever reduction to the absurd which Gershman applies to surrealism: "The triumvirate of automatic writing, spiritism and love stormed the gates of Wonderland directly."

Breton's spiritual rebellion may not have overthrown governments, and his love of humanity, alas, did not create "one world," but—perhaps more than any literary man of his time—he realigned the arts in the direction of scientific and sociological change, codified the artist's fumbling awareness of a need to refocus reality and, above all, created a climate of high tension in which writers such as Aragon, Eluard, Artaud, Octavio Paz, René Char, Aimé Césaire, and a host of artists—among them, Dali, Tanguy, Ernst, Matta, Magritte—were able to renew the sources of inspiration. The goals Breton set for the writer and artist were of a nature to make immediate success unthinkable; he thereby precluded the demarcation of surrealism in terms of historical limits.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Leap-Frogging a Century

For his review of *This Rock Within the Sea: A Heritage Lost* [*SR*, Apr. 26] J. H. Plumb should have examined the authors Farley Mowat and John de Visser's qualifications to evaluate complex social and economic phenomena. If his review is a fairly accurate résumé, this book is a caricature of the social and economic milieu existing in Canada's new province.

"These simple people [I am quoting from the review], descendants frequently of Portuguese, Basque and Breton fishermen who may have begun to roost on Newfoundland's rocks a century before Columbus sailed. . . ." The deeply indented east coast of this province has been the habitat for more than three centuries of the descendants of English fisher folk who still speak the idiom of their forebears. Only two European nations made permanent settlements on the island, the English and French—in fact, French place names are as numerous as English. Portuguese place names are rare—then, as now, the Portuguese were transient fishermen. This run-of-the-mill historical fact seems to have been too humdrum for these authors, romantic fantasy being more in their line. Pre-Columbian sailors "roosting on rocks." All one needs is a musical score.

Now, I happen to know this "ultima Thule" fairly well. I was born there and know something about that peculiar breed of men: the Newfoundland fishermen. They are not above ribbing a stranger and probably fed these writers the kind of copy they wanted. The economy of this province is in a transition stage. Small, sparsely populated communities are being incorporated into larger enclaves, and this necessarily results in some uprooting and even temporary hardship. But relatively few people are involved in this process, and the net result will be a better social integration and better educational facilities for the children of the uprooted. Road building is also a prominent feature in this transition, and the establishment of fish-processing facilities is another. Such transitions are constant in all economies. Actually what these islanders are doing is leap-frogging an economic century and they are doing it with a furious abandon, *ventre au terre*. This is their Renaissance.

L. A. Palmer,
Somerville, Mass.

Wrong Homework

In taking issue with J. H. Plumb concerning the factors responsible for the extinction of the Tasmanians, I'm afraid that Leo LeRiche [*SR*, Book Forum, May 10] didn't do *his* homework.

Mr. LeRiche cites a report of 1879, hardly long enough after the events to allow for sufficient objectivity, and in so doing reveals a similar apologist mentality toward the crime of genocide perpetrated by the English against the Tasmanians.

In point of fact, Tasmania was used originally by the English as a penal colony, and when that colony, shortly after its establishment found itself close to starvation, the prisoners were loosed to roam the countryside seeking their own subsistence. That subsistence sometimes included cannibalism. Thereafter not only the "bushrangers," as they came to be known, but the sheepherders, sealers and solid citizenry took up killing, raping and enslaving the natives for the sport and profit. Included in this history was one attempt to sweep the island from one end to the other, and then deport *en masse* the rightful inhabitants of the land.

Not until their numbers were seriously diminished by murder and enslavement did the "government" of the island succeed in rounding up the survivors and deporting them to a nearby barren island. It was there and, later on, when a pitiful few were returned to the mainland, that they began to catch colds. This was the result of their being forced to wear clothes, which, from lack of experience, they allowed to dry on their bodies when wet, producing a serious chill and leading to pneumonia.

This is all set forth, in sickening detail, by Clive Turnbull in his book *Black War* published in 1948 by F. W. Cheshire, Melbourne and London.

Steven Miller,
Cambridge, Mass.

Ukrainian Language and Letters

The Soviets may be credited with forced Russification of the Ukrainian language and culture, which Chornovil is attacking in his book, *The Chornovil Papers* [*SR*, Mar. 29]. A review of the official Ukrainian orthography published in 1960 will indicate a strong trend towards substituting Russian words for Ukrainian words, use of Russian pronunciations for foreign names, and omission of letters from the Ukrainian alphabet which are not found in the Russian alphabet. However, most Ukrainians in Ukraine and abroad cling to the 1929 orthographic principles and reject and fight against the present Soviet innovations in this area.

In North America Ukrainian is taught as foreign language in high schools of Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Also, many universities both in Canada and the United States accept Ukrainian as one of the foreign languages required for the completion of a doctoral degree program. In October 1968, Harvard University established a Ukrainian Studies Department, through which courses in Ukrainian subjects are available on a graduate level.

Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karpenko,
Detroit, Mich.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

Portugal is one of the enigmas of Europe. One would need to be a deeply learned man, or one of the rare specialists in Portuguese history, to name half a dozen of its monarchs or its painters, scholars, and architects. Only its navigators and, to a lesser extent, its saints are widely known—Bartolomeu Dias, Vasco da Gama, Tristão da Cunha, Albuquerque, St. Francis Xavier, and especially Prince Henry the Navigator. These were the men who dominated the early age of discovery, when Europe threw out its tentacles over the whole world to suck in profit in the name of God—an enterprise that needed courage, endurance, and, above all, faith. The profits might be rare or illusory, but the hardships, the dangers, the sickness and suffering were constant.

For those who find the adventures of actual men more compelling than any fiction, these explorers left great epics, embroidered here and there but still containing the hard truth. They range from Zurara's *Chronicles*, telling of the first attack on the Moors and the early probings of the torrid coast of Africa, to Bernardo Gomes de Brito's somber *Tragic History of the Sea*, which recounts the incredible losses of the great Portuguese ships, overcrowded and piled high with goods, battling their way through the Southern seas. The love of God and the love of riches once again drove men to disaster.

It is this story of high adventure in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when Portugal's traders circled the world, when her missionaries were filled with high hopes for converting the Congolese, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, and even the Guarani Indians of Brazil, that John Dos Passos has set out to tell in *The Portugal Story* (Doubleday, $7.95). He brings to his material a novelist's acute eye for human character and a narrative skill that any historian might envy; and he has produced one of the most readable books on the subject that I know. He is particularly adept at the brief dramatic profile. His few pages on Fernão Mendes Pinto are a masterpiece, done with such art that the reader will never be able to forget the swashbuckling, greedy adventurer, possibly of Jewish stock, who pushed his way as far as Peking, but was caught in a crisis of conscience by his meeting with St. Francis Xavier. Many will turn immediately to Pinto's own fantastic narrative, *The Pilgrimage*, and they will be rewarded.

Certainly Dos Passos brings alive these great Portuguese heroes; yet, at the same time, one realizes the great distance that now lies between the professional historian and—without using the word in any pejorative sense—the amateur. Dos Passos's interest and imagination are caught by men and their experiences, and by the stories they told. He is too wise to accept their words as unalloyed truth, but too committed a littérateur not to use their heightened accounts of derring-do. This is legitimate, for only the unwary might be misled. The gulf between professional and amateur lies not in the story itself, but in the almost total abstention by the latter from analysis. Why were the Portuguese initially so successful? Why did their possession of an empire have so little effect on their artistic and literary life? (Yes, there is the *Lusiads*; but think of the Netherlands, France, England, and even Spain, the impact of whose empires on their culture was tremendous.)

Again, why did Portugal as a world power fade so quickly? And there is the conundrum of the twentieth century (although this, to be fair, is not relevant to Dos Passos's intentions): while empire after empire has tumbled, how has Portugal retained hers?

The Portuguese present fascinating problems that need professional treatment. Indeed, most of them cannot yet be decisively answered, for the research still needs to be done. So far the epic heroes have held the stage, and the sifting of mountainous records in customs houses, of merchants' accounts and advocates' archives, must progress further before depth can be given to our understanding. One needs to know how far Portugal was a funnel through which adventurous capital from Genoa, Venice, Barcelona, Antwerp, or even Bristol passed to the East and returned in spices and other exotic imports. Of course, some profit stayed in Portugal. Certainly her kings grew richer as did certain courtiers, and Lisbon itself grew fatter; yet the vast wealth of the East did not have the leavening effect it was to have elsewhere, and this is probably because it went elsewhere. But the economic causes and consequences of Portugal's comet-like passage through world history still remain to be fully explored. A few have been charted, but this intellectual adventure does not stir Dos Passos's imagination.

There are, however, some better-known aspects of the story which Dos Passos might have sketched in to give greater weight to his narrative. Carlo Cipolla, in his tiny masterpiece *Guns and Sails*, has explained the reason for Europe's fabulous success in Asia and America: the technological adventure of the more maneuverable caravel, combined with more powerful artillery. This gave a decisive advantage to the Portuguese and Spaniards for a time—but only for a time. The Dutch, the English, and the French exploited both guns and sails more rapidly, and the decline of the Portuguese Empire

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

3 ON A MATCH

In Column One: various trios of literature. In the other three columns: the members of the trios. Your job, set by Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Mo.: to reconstitute each trio by choosing one character from each of the lettered columns. In emergencies, turn to page 31.

	a.	*b.*	*c.*
A. The Magi ( )	1. Edith	Regan	Lachesis
B. The Three Musketeers ( )	2. Flopsy	Allegra	Hamilton
C. The Three Fates ( )	3. Alice	Hamnet	Acton
D. The Three Graces ( )	4. Madison	Gaspar	Edith
E. Peter Rabbit's siblings ( )	5. Susanna	Osbert	Balthazar
F. Chekhov's "Three Sisters" ( )	6. Atropos	Euphrosyne	Judith
G. Lear's daughters ( )	7. Ellis	Jay	Aramis
H. Longfellow's daughters ( )	8. Melchior	Currer	Sacheverell
I. The *Federalist* authors ( )	9. Athos	Masha	Cottontail
J. Shakespeare's children ( )	10. Aglaia	Porthos	Cordelia
K. The first names of the Bells (Brontë pseudonyms) ( )	11. Olga	Mopsy	Irina
L. The Sitwells ( )	12. Goneril	Clothos	Thalia

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was partly the result of its failure to maintain its early technological advantage, a situation that has occurred with other nations and no doubt will continue to repeat itself over and over again in human history. Think of China; think of England; perhaps our descendants in the twenty-first century will think of America.

There are two further matters, one of which Dos Passos touches on, that illuminate the story of mankind, and which could have been dealt with more fully because of their intrinsic fascination. One is the fact that Europe came late into oceanic trade with the East. Long before the Portuguese, Muslim traders from Alexandria and Baghdad and Hormuz had traveled almost as far as South Africa, creating skeikhdoms and trading stations; they had come to dominate the seaboard of western India, had taken control of the rich spice trade of Indonesia, and secured a place for their merchants in China. They had created westward lanes of commerce and set up ports and pilotage long before a European vessel appeared on the Eastern seas. Indeed, all the paraphernalia of intercontinental commerce was ready for the Portuguese's taking. The great step forward was to round Africa; after that, all was prepared for them. This great Muslim enterprise is rarely stressed by Europe-centered historians.

Perhaps the most significant point, the one John Dos Passos touches upon but, I think, too lightly, is the disastrous effects of the counter-Reformation, which shuttered the windows of men's minds. When Portuguese exploration was most intensive and most effective, Portugal was a comparatively open society: Jews played an important role (Henry the Navigator's cartographer was the Mestre Jacome) and, even after their forced conversion, the New Christians sat on King Manuel's famous council of mathematicians. Portugal was much more liberal than Spain in its attitudes. All that changed with the coming of the Jesuits. Their intransigence not only wrecked the Portuguese links with Abyssinia, but created difficulties in Japan and elsewhere. Rigidity and orthodoxy clamped down on the Portuguese adventure, and the intellectual excitement aroused by the opening of new vistas passed to the great maritime nations of the northwest—to the Netherlands, England, and France.

Yet the Portuguese story remains a tale of extraordinary fascination, and in John Dos Passos it has found a brilliant narrator. His is an irresistible book not only for those who delight in adventure, but also for those who like to brood on the strange necessities that drive men to their fate.

One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

The Mississippi was high, and getting higher. In the basement of the Mark Twain Hotel the pumps were working away at the seepage water already edging into the town. In the streets along the riverfront sandbags stood at the ready. In a word, all was as usual on a spring day in Sam Clemens's old home place.

Well, not quite as usual. In the town square bedlam reigned. Hannibal's Sesquicentennial Festivities and annual National Tom Sawyer Days program do not formally begin until June 27, but actually and noisily it was under way right now. On a platform high above the square sat "Sitting Bob" Usherwood, self-styled World's Champion Barrel Stomper and now bent on becoming World's Champion Tower Sitter, which he will be if he can break the existing record of eighty-eight days aloft. Down below, at a rough estimate based on decibel count, were several hundred thousand children screaming at him impatiently. "Sitting Bob" gazed upon them with the poise of a confident showman. Suddenly and deftly he let them have it, a shower of balloons and sugar pop candy.

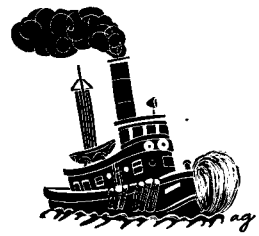
With a mighty surge the audience went into action. Your correspondent, knocked down in the rush, returned to consciousness in time to hear a courteous policeman saying, "Welcome to Mark Twain's boyhood hometown."

"Thanks," said your correspondent. "And what goes on here when they aren't staging a celebration in honor of Mark Twain?"

"Every day around here is Mark Twain Day," replied the policeman.

The Chamber of Commerce wouldn't be likely to admit this. "With or without Mark Twain," its brochure says with a straight face, "Destiny marked Hannibal for a pivotal role in the history and commercial development of the United States." Mr. Clemens would know better if he could come back here for a few hours.

In the Tom Sawyer Book and Gift Shop, across the street from his old home, he could buy a Mark Twain fly-swatter. He could lunch at the Mark Twain Dinette or the Becky Thatcher Restaurant, shop at the Huck Finn Shopping Center, stroll through Huckleberry Park, and stop either at the Mark Twain Hotel or, if he arrived by trailer, at the Mark Twain Mobile Park Home. The very thought of this form of travel could easily send him in desperation to a local specialty, the



Huck Finn cocktail (rum, pineapple juice, triple sec, grenadine), after which the old gentleman might well give up and take the next packet for New Orleans or back to heaven without even waiting to hear the Mark Twain Men's Chorale Concert.

But if he were to shudder at all the claptrap, he could take pardonable pride in the fact that Hannibal is a shrine to his memory. The town's population—20,000—has not increased in half a century, but some 200,000 visitors turn up every year, and it can't be out of a compelling interest in the workings of the American Cyanamid Company's nitrogen fertilizer plant. They go to see, as your touring correspondent and his spouse did, the house where Tom Sawyer and his Aunt Polly and brother Sid lived, and the cave where the lost Tom and his angelic Becky were struck dumb with terror by Indian Joe, and the riverfront pictured forever in *Life on the Mississippi.*

The river traffic is all but gone now, save for the towboats and some excursion and pleasure craft. But the river itself is still Mark's "great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun." And the cave, as you walk through half a mile of it with a guide, is just as Mark recalled it in *The Innocents Abroad,* with "its lofty passages, its silence and solitude, its shrouding gloom. . . ."

At one point the guide calls attention to the stone seat where Tom and Becky sat and trembled. Did Mark Twain, the guide was asked, ever identify the stone as such? "No," said the guide with guileless candor, "that's just something we say." No matter. Fact and fancy mingle here, as they do throughout Mark Twain's art. Jackson's Island, downstream from Hannibal, isn't just an island. It's where Tom and his friend Joe Harper hid out when they ran away to become pirates, and the taking-off point for Huck's and Nigger Jim's journey down the river.

Not that all Hannibal residents see

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the town and its surroundings through Mark's wonderful pages. Making conversation with a senior citizen at the river's edge ("wouldn't be surprised if this water got up to twenty-five feet, like in '65"), this pilgrim wondered why Mark called Jackson's Island, but not Hannibal, by its right name in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

"Wouldn't rightly know," the senior citizen said. "Lived here eighty-five years now, but I never got around to readin' 'em. Fixin' to, though, sometime."

He may not be alone in that. At the Hannibal Free Public Library (the first one in Missouri) it appeared that no one had borrowed *Huckleberry Finn* or *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* from the adult collection in more than a year.

It was time to be moving south, but first there was a side trip to the Mark Twain Memorial Lighthouse on Cardiff Hill, reputedly the only inland lighthouse in the United States. A head appeared in the lighthouse window. The head looked lonely. Was he a lighthouse keeper dedicated to the great tradition of watching over such boats as are left on the river? Mark's mentor as a river pilot, the admirable Mr. Bixby, surely would approve.

"I'm the other tower sitter," said the lonely-looking head. He didn't seem to be getting much attention compared with his rival, "Sitting Bob" Usherwood, in the town square. Didn't matter to him, he said; he reads the papers, listens to the radio, and eats the meals the Festivities Committee sends him. His contract with the committee runs to June 27, the date set for the eighty-eight-day record to be broken, but he'll keep on sitting as long as "that other feller" does.

Now it really was time to go, but even as far down the river as Cairo, at the tip end of Illinois, there was no parting with Hannibal's Mark Twain and his people. At the swirling confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi, as this sentimental traveler dipped his hand into the water at that momentous place, a state trooper standing nearby said, "I wouldn't do that. Water moccasins." But the traveler scarcely heard him. It was a hundred-odd years ago, and a ragged boy and a slave who was headed for Illinois and freedom were floating past here on a raft, and because it was a foggy night they missed their goal and went right by Cairo. Poor Jim was still a slave and Huck, by way of his friend Mark Twain, would remember, "We didn't say a word for a good while. There warn't anything to say." And no place to go except on down the great river and into immortality.

War

HUSSEIN OF JORDAN: My "War" with Israel

as told to Vick Vance and Pierre Lauer, translated from the French by June P. Wilson and Walter B. Michaels
Morrow, 170 pp., $5.95.

IN THE MIDDLE EAST there is a popular snack that is neither hot dog, hamburger, nor sandwich, yet from Istanbul to Cairo it serves the function of all three. Spelled phonetically, it is called a "shawarme," and is presumed to be of Turkish origin. The "shawarme" is made from Arabic, Syrian, or Armenian bread, which can perhaps be most aptly described as a soft hollow pancake. Cut in half, it provides two generous pouches. These are filled with thinly sliced, juicy barbecued lamb, piquant pickled eggplant, and sometimes chunks of tomato. The assembled conglomerate can be tinctured with, instead of catsup, a glob of sharp-tasting yoghurt—as if it wern't moist enough already with juices that slither down your arm or shirt as you eat it.

Hussein of Jordan reminds me nostalgically of a succulent "shawarme." Like the Arab bread, it is bland on the outside, the first and last chapters being rather flatulent and tasteless. Repetitious and not at all original, they seem to contribute little to the development of the book other than to hold it together. Yet the rest of the volume is much in the nature of an informative mélange, a rich literary casserole, abundant with disclosures and insights into the personal relationships of King Hussein and UAR President Nasser, replete with gossip-column notes on the controversial Ahmed Shukairy, and profuse with revelations of the early-morning confusion of the Arab world June 5, 1967, when the Israelis destroyed most of their air forces. One comes away from the book with a new awareness of the fantastic degree of Arab unpreparedness at the time of the war.

—*Pictorial Parade.*

King Hussein—"informative mélange."

Structurally, the book is composed of interviews with King Hussein, which are amplified by interviews with and statements from some of his colleagues and former cabinet members. The result is totally sympathetic to King Hussein, something the much maligned monarch deserves.

The reader cannot but admire his candor about his own and Arab mistakes. King Hussein takes the position that one cannot learn from one's blunders without analyzing them, and he proceeds to do so, in public.

The chronicle suffers somewhat from a common defect of the "as told to" technique. King Hussein's answers tend to be restricted by the types of questions asked by Vick Vance and Pierre Lauer. One cannot get very deeply into Hussein's thinking, as might have been possible in a genuine autobiography. In point of fact, where King Hussein is quoted the prose often becomes so discreet and polite, because of his habit of regal restraint, that the authors have had to resort to interviews with his colleagues in order to derive more pithy comments. The latter afford a greater awareness of the dilemmas that perpetually face the King than do his own assessments. As one of the most courageous of the Arab leaders, Hussein has had to take an undue measure of careless, vile criticism from his Arab contemporaries, who seem not to realize the transparency of their effort to make him the scapegoat for their own deficiencies.

From the intimate talks with King Hussein emerges an estimate of the wide contempt with which Ahmed Shukairy, the ebullient former head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, is held today in much of the Arab world. That the King has not particularly welcomed Arab commando raids from Jordan's territory into Israel was for several years mercilessly flayed by Shukairy over Arab airwaves. Hussein always had the inevitability of Israeli reprisals to consider, and he did not see why Jordan should sustain all the Israeli punishment while other leaders judiciously protected their countries by simply shouting louder criticism of him.

Yet, on greeting the King in Cairo,

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when he and Nasser met a few days before the June war, Shukairy acted as if his vitriolic broadcasts had never been made or had never fanned Arab hatreds among themselves. Today Shukairy, in considerable disrepute, is a man alone, quite disowned by the Arabs, who, though they admit they agreed with a lot of what he said, hold him responsible for much of the Arab disunity that undid them during the June war.

King Hussein is critical of United Nations Secretary General U Thant for granting on May 18, 1967, President Nasser's request to "evacuate the U.N. forces from the demilitarized zone at Gaza." Hussein regards the move as both "surprising" and "unprecedented"; he believes that it should have been tempered, at least, by consultation with the U.N. Security Council.

Understandably, though politely, the King takes the Syrians to task for never sending their reserve forces to Jordan, nor supplying air cover on that fateful morning of June 5th so that Jordan's smaller air force could bomb Israeli positions.

The most dramatic disclosures of the book concern the Arab world's devastating unpreparedness for the war. King Hussein remarks several times that he was convinced President Nasser did not expect war to break out; though Hussein himself had been certain for several weeks it would erupt, and said so, no one listened it seems.

The King learned, ignominiously, of the beginning of fighting in Egypt via Cairo Radio. Communications were that bad. Two errors, he believes, cost the Arabs much: The "unfortunate delay of the Syrian Air Force made us miss an important opportunity to turn things to our advantage. Had it not been for the Syrians' procrastination, we could have started the bombing of Israel earlier. . . .

"And then—it isn't fair to place all the blame on the Syrians—we were misinformed about what had happened in Egypt when the Israelis attacked the UAR air bases."

For a full forty-eight hours King Hussein did not know of the destruction of the Egyptian air force. The reports to him from Cairo—fantastic to say the least—that the Egyptians had put 75 per cent of the Israeli air force out of action, that UAR bombers had destroyed Israeli bases, and that ground forces to the Egyptian army had penetrated Israel by way of the Negev "had much to do with our confusion and false interpretation of the situation."

One of the lamentable, tragic observations one must make is that the King, quite naturally expressing an Arab point of view, seems oblivious of

the effect that his meeting with President Nasser, and their signing a defense pact a few days before the war, had on the Israelis. In their eyes each act of the Arabs, including the closing of the Straits of Tiran, and the shipping of commandos to Jordan by Nasser on June 3 and 4, escalated the possibility of war. Meanwhile, the Arabs interpreted every bellicose statement from Israel as further escalation.

Several of the most constructive pages in the book are devoted to an analysis of how it happened that an Israeli school bus was blown up in Elath by a mine planted by Arab commandos, causing the death of two teachers and the wounding of thirty-eight children, eight seriously. The Arab commandos themselves deplored the incident. In Amman one of their spokesmen said, according to the book:

> It was not what we intended. Obviously, the school bus was not our objective. In the military zone between Elath and Aqaba, our men have planted more than 200 mines—Chinese mini-mines that resemble little flat discs. The Israeli busses had received permission to pass beyond the safe limits so that the children could walk about in the sand and look over at "the other side." As it penetrated the zone normally forbidden to civilians, the bus was blown up by a mine meant for military convoys. It's monstrous to attack children! Besides, the Israelis have the same respect for children's lives that we do. For example, during the June war, some Israeli tanks had just entered Jenin, my home town. Suddenly they came upon a group of kids around fourteen to sixteen years old, one of whom was a cousin of mine. The kids were threatening the Israelis with guns. Instead of shooting at them, one of the tank commanders started to give them hell in Arabic. (You know, lots of Israelis speak our language perfectly.) He said:
>
> "You little idiots, give me those guns and go home at once!"
>
> The soldiers confiscated their guns without so much as touching the children, and sent them home.
>
> I repeat, to attack children is monstrous. This affair of the bus, it was a mistake, a horrible piece of bad luck.

If only insights such as these could be escalated to the adult level, perhaps the hate that the Arabs feel so deeply for the Jews, and the arrogance which the Israelis apparently feel toward the Arabs would begin to melt.

This book makes a decided contribution toward such a *desideratum*. Moreover, King Hussein's high sense of honor and his own military prudence, which led to some of the heaviest fighting the Israelis had to face on any of the several fronts, make him the most eligible Arab to put forward tangible peace feelers through U.N. mediator Gunnar Jarring, whose mission the monarch feels is the last resort and hence of the utmost importance.

Bertram B. Johansson

Bertram B. Johansson, U.N. correspondent for The Christain Science Monitor, is the recipient of many journalistic honors, among them an Overseas Press Club of America citation in 1967 for a series of articles on the Middle East, co-authored with John K. Cooley.

VIETNAM: The Origins of Revolution

by John T. McAlister, Jr.
Knopf, 377 pp., $7.95.

PROFESSOR JOHN MCALISTER has produced a first-rate work on the political history of Vietnam up to the beginnings of the Vietminh-French war in 1947. Although he does not dwell explicitly on the events of the past twenty-two years, his analysis of the origins of revolution in Vietnam provides excellent insight into their meaning. His book presents incontrovertible evidence to refute the Johnson Administration's position that North and South Vietnam are two separate nations, and shows that the current revolutionary struggle is but a continuation of a competition between local political forces for control over all of Vietnam that has been under way for many decades.

McAlister's credentials are impeccable. In the late Fifties he was the only American official fluent in Vietnamese to be assigned to the U.S. Mission. His academic training in Vietnamese history, culture, and politics uniquely qualifies him to analyze the nature of that country's long struggle for independence. That McAlister's knowledge and wisdom have been unheeded by policy-makers for the past decade can perhaps best be explained as one more tragic example of the "arrogance of power."

But what sets this work apart from other books on Vietnam is the way McAlister has related and integrated the political history of Vietnam into a theoretically consistent example of a protracted revolution. He contends that such a revolution is a "competition between opposing concepts of political community for a monopoly,

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or legitimacy, in holding power—and in attempting to establish such a new legitimacy the revolutionaries are changing the structure of politics to a new concept of political community—a change in the way who gets what, when and how." This definition will not satisfy the demonologists who see a conspiracy master-minded in Moscow or Peking behind every event of the past thirty years. But for those who seek real answers to the present dilemma of Vietnam, McAlister's book helps to point the way.

After a most readable account of the early historical context, including the Vietnamese tradition of political disunity, the author deals with what he regards as the failures of the French, the Japanese, and the Allied Occupation Forces to develop viable alternatives for the mobilizing and sharing of political power in Vietnam without granting political autonomy or independence to the various nationalist organizations. In these core chapters, McAlister develops his main thesis that revolution is a permanent change in the structure of politics which results in new ways of mobilizing and sharing power. He shows how the various occupying nations, through their rejection of an independent or truly confederated state of Vietnam, unnecessarily created the very conditions that made the insurrection possible. The attempts by the French, the Japanese, the Allied Occupation, and the Chinese to oppose or play off the various political factions in Vietnam enabled the revolutionaries of Left and Right to gain support among the Vietnamese people.

In the closing chapter and the epilogue McAlister deals with the general problem and the future of revolution in Vietnam. This is at once the strongest and the weakest part of the book, for while Vietnam is an excellent case history of how to put down a revolution or carry out a colonial policy, it is no longer a good case history of an indigenous protracted conflict. The name of the game was changed in the spring of 1965 when both the U.S. and the USSR agreed to back the play of their clients in the South and the North. This limitation, however, does not vitiate McAlister's principal thesis about protracted revolutionary struggle when great powers do not intervene. But when they do—either with logistical support or with their own armed forces—the ultimate resolution is likely to produce a temporary rather than a permanent change in the structure of the country's politics.

Perhaps the real value of McAlister's book is to make clear to those who would have the U.S. pursue a policy of counterinsurgency in other revolutionary situations that the maximum expected gain from such a policy is only to interrupt revolution and not to divert it to an externally predetermined end. McAlister makes a most compelling case not for isolationism but for the view that in a revolutionary situation almost anything the great powers may do from the position of national "self-interest" is most likely to be counterproductive. *Vietnam: The Origins of Revolution* is recommended both to the general reader and to those with a specialized interest in Vietnam.

William R. Corson

William R. Corson, a retired Marine colonel with long experience in Vietnam, wrote "The Betrayal." He is currently professor of economics at Howard University in Washington, D.C.

—Orren Jack Turner.

John T. McAlister, Jr.—"insight."

—W. Y. S. Van Lessen Kloeke.

Noam Chomsky—"invective."

AMERICAN POWER AND THE NEW MANDARINS: Historical and Political Essays

by Noam Chomsky
Pantheon, 404 pp., $7.95.

IF ONE SHOULD WISH to measure the extent to which Americans today enjoy the freedom to speak, publish, and agitate against the government and the nation, while the United States is engaged in a bitter, tragic, massive and costly war, he might read *American Power and the New Mandarins*, by Noam Chomsky, professor at M.I.T., famous scholar in the field of linguistics, and a leader of the New Left and of the draft resistance movement. Never before in American history has there been so much freedom for agitation against an ongoing war, and I doubt if an equal degree of toleration could be reasonably expected in any other country—including Great Britain, France, Holland, Denmark, or Sweden.

Mr. Chomsky, exploiting this situation to the hilt, recognizes the phenomenon, albeit grudgingly. "I suppose," he writes, "this is the first time in history that a nation has so openly and publicly exhibited its own war crimes. Perhaps this shows how well our free institutions function. Or does it simply show how immune we have become to suffering? Probably the latter." And ten pages later he again interprets this unprecedented freedom as something that tells *against* the United States: "Free institutions certainly exist, but a tradition of passivity and conformism restricts their use—the cynic might say this is why they continue to exist."

Whatever the reason may be for the lack of repression, Mr. Chomsky uses it in full measure to attack the Vietnam War as "barbarous," "obscene," "butchery," "a depraved act by weak and miserable men," "criminal insanity"—the sort of terms that appeal to the emotions rather than the intelligence. The author resorts to such invective because he believes the war "is no more debatable than the Italian war in Abyssinia or the Russian suppression of Hungarian freedom. The war is simply an obscenity. . ." As a consequence of this attitude Mr. Chomsky has, unfortunately, produced a book that does credit to its author only as a partisan pamphleteer, for it makes but slight use of reasoned argument. He can convince only those who are already convinced. Those who look for guidance will, I think, find

Reviewer Milton R. Konvitz, professor of industrial and labor relations and of law at Cornell, is the author of "Religious Liberty and Conscience."

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themselves deeply outraged. "You have to weep for this country," cries the author. "We have to ask ourselves whether what is needed in the United States is dissent—or denazification. The question is a debatable one. Reasonable people may differ. The fact that the question is even debatable is a terrifying thing. To me it seems that what is needed is a kind of denazification." To this reviewer the "terrifying thing" is that a serious, competent scholar would permit himself to see "denazification" as "what is needed in the United States," and that a linguistics expert would allow himself to use such emotive language.

Most of the papers of which the book is a compilation deal with the war only obliquely; they are directed against the academic scholars who have written about it more or less in defense of the Kennedy-Johnson records. Chomsky's harshest words are for the social scientists, the Asian-area specialists, the historians, and the behavioral scientists. He names them by the score, from Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Daniel Bell to some who are known only to the specialist. These are the "new mandarins," "whose claim to power is based on knowledge and technique." Their concern is "for order, for maintaining the status quo . . . stability, and nonviolence (by the oppressed)." These scholars, Mr. Chomsky charges, use their positions and talents to thwart social revolutionary movements abroad and at home. Their aspiration is to achieve "a dominant role in managing the welfare state."

By the time one finishes reading the indictment drawn up by Chomsky, one has the uncomfortable feeling that the author goes around with the suspicion that almost all his colleagues —almost all academic scholars, in fact—are engaged in a conspiracy against the American people and the world. In one of the passages attacking the behavioral scientists Mr. Chomsky says that it is fair to inquire to what extent the appeal of their approach is "based on the ease with which it can be refashioned as a new coercive ideology with a faintly scientific tone." He refers to political science and the study of international, particularly Asian, affairs as "rather dismal branches of American scholarship, by and large, and so closely identified with American imperial goals that one is hardly astonished to discover the widespread abandonment of civilized norms." These statements are typical of Mr. Chomsky's resort to invective in place of reasoned argument or proof.

He devotes over 150 pages to the

(*Continued on page* 61)

Fiction

THE MARGIN

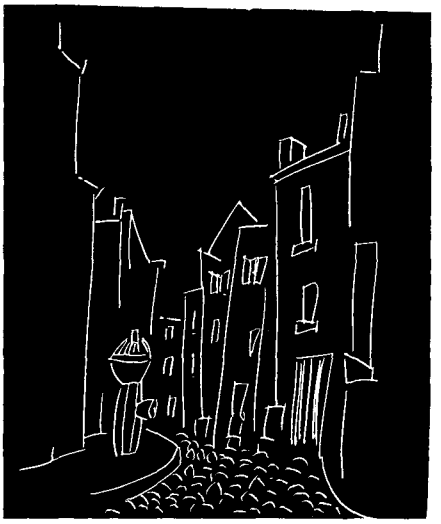
by Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues, translated from the French by Richard Howard
Grove, 216 pp., $5.95.

WHEN *The Motorcycle* was published in France in 1963, André Pieyre de Mandiargues, after more than twenty books, gained a sizable reading public for the first time. *The Margin,* which was awarded the prestigious Goncourt Prize in 1967, enlarged his French audience and finally earned Mandiargues, at the age of fifty-eight, the acclaim he so richly deserves. Not only has he long been one of France's finest modern prose stylists; he is also one of those rare writers capable of creating a unique fictional universe, into which the reader is lured, then trapped and enthralled by a strange yet compulsively appealing hot-house atmosphere.

The world of André Pieyre de Mandiargues is marked by a fusion of the extraordinary and the erotic; it is a sensual sphere placed beyond the realm of reason, halfway between wakefulness and dream. Although at least tangentially in the lineage of surrealism, his baroque distortions of reality are constantly held in check, as it were, by his classic mode of expression, direct and devoid of romanticism. In his predilection for the fantastic, Mandiargues delves neither into science-fiction nor even quite into the supernatural, but rather into the nebulous inner world of the imagination. His eroticism is coolly evocative and intimately linked to the characters' interior landscapes; it is never gratuitous nor excessively descriptive.

Like most of Mandiargues's works, *The Margin* demands of the reader a certain willingness to follow the author's initial premise—a tacit agreement not to say, "People wouldn't do that." Because some do, or at least one might. Sigismond Pons, a fortyish Frenchman, leaves his young wife and their son for a few days to go to Barcelona on a business trip as deputy for his cousin. His reasons for undertaking this journey are not clear to him, and we may merely speculate: a short breather from familiar (and familial) surroundings, or perhaps the lure of the red-light district of the Spanish metropolis. After checking in at a hotel, Sigismond goes to the Post Office hoping to find a letter waiting in General Delivery from his wife, Sergine. On the envelope handed him by the clerk he

The critic Thomas Bishop is professor of French and comparative literatures at New York University.



recognizes not Sergine's handwriting but that of the old family domestic, Féline. As he begins to slip the folded letter out of its cover, he is struck by four brief sentences: "She ran to the wind tower. She climbed the spiral staircase. She threw herself from the top. She died right away." Instinctively, Sigismond replaces the letter in the envelope; he has decided not to read on, not to know the beginning and end of this dreadful message—at least, not yet—as if the notion of his wife's death were too overwhelming to be confronted directly. And so, while the fateful letter waits ominously for him in his hotel room, Sigismond Pons sets off on a two-and-a-half-day odyssey through the most notorious section of Barcelona.

This "margin" of life that he has granted himself, as if he had not yet received the letter, takes the form of a hallucinatory sixty hours spent among prostitutes, perverts, and pimps, dwarfs and sailors—a symbolic descent into hell, whose circles consist of Barcelona's narrow backstreets. What this modern-day Dante (guided not by Virgil but by a map and the cousin's mention of brothels and bars) seems to be seeking without knowing it is some *raison d'être,* some inner strength on which to draw now that he is going to be left alone. But as the mental images of Sergine multiply and grow more obsessive the reader becomes aware of Sigismond's love for and reliance on this apparently captivating woman. Moreover, his wanderings throughout the grotesque labyrinth of the Catalonian city lead to no fruitful answers. Even several touching encounters with an attractive and very young prostitute leave him unfulfilled; throughout he remains a spectator and not a participant.

Thus, when finally the insistent presence of the letter makes it impossible for him *not* to read it, Sigismond finds out that the truth he deciphers is even

(*Continued on page* 30)

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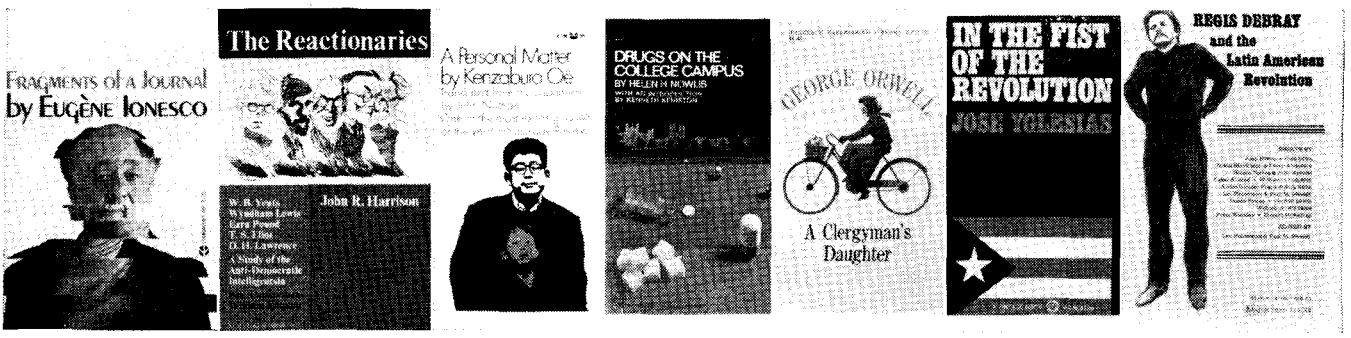

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Why are the young hung up on dope? Just how dangerous are drugs? Is marijuana the road to heroin? What about LSD? The answers to these and other pertinent questions are answered by Dr. Helen H. Nowlis in *Drugs on the College Campus* (Anchor original, 95¢). Already in its second printing, Dr. Nowlis's book is a low-keyed, temperate study made under the auspices of the Food and Drug Administration.

Helen Nowlis came well prepared for her job. As former dean of students and now professor of psychology at the University of Rochester she has been closely involved with young people. She's also the mother of three sons, two of whom are also psychologists.

Lately she spends most of her time traveling as consultant to college groups composed of both faculty and students. Often youngsters approach her privately to ask for help with their drug problems. "They have no one to turn to," she told *SR*. "They are afraid to tell their parents. Their family doctors are required by law to report them."

Dr. Nowlis herself is troubled by "the Drug Problem problem"—the hysteria which discussion of drugs often arouses. "People get very emotional about drugs because we cling to a variety of misconceptions. For instance, from a legislative point of view, marijuana is treated as a narcotic—which it is not. Then, too, there is the common belief that marijuana is inevitably a stepping stone to heroin."

Very little is known statistically about marijuana. Figures on users vary from five to twenty million. "It's extremely difficult to get information because using drugs is a felony and no one wants to admit to it," Dr. Nowlis said. "But we do know some things—that the use of drugs has skyrocketed, that the casual use of marijuana is going up fast, that the age level is lowering right down into the high schools."

Adults who are dismayed by youngsters taking drugs would do well, says Dr. Nowlis, to take a look at the "pill society" in which we live. "Pressures today are such that many people experience high degrees of fatigue and anxiety. They tend to think of treating these symptoms with chemicals. Each year in this country we dispense billions of tranquilizers and enough aspirin to cure seventeen million headaches. Why, even my four-year-old grandson prescribes 'Take an aspirin' if anyone complains. Young people having grown up in this atmosphere tend to look to chemistry to solve their problems.

"One thing that makes me really unhappy," Dr. Nowlis went on, "is that the drug issue has become an adult rallying point for a general lack of understanding of young people, a focus for our frustration with them. It's true that every drug is potentially dangerous to some people under some conditions—even aspirin. What we've got to do is to de-emotionalize the issues."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Sunburst Books, a new paperback series from Farrar, Straus & Giroux, has come out with a dazzling first list. Each of the books is an anthology of a particular writer's works, providing an unusually hefty sampling prefaced with an expert introduction. A good example is *A Mauriac Reader* ($2.65), five long works—*The Desert of Love* and *A Kiss for the Leper* among them—with an extensive and excellent prefatory essay by Wallace Fowlie. Gerard Hopkins is the translator. Others in the series include *A Malamud Reader* ($2.65) and *The Magic of Shirley Jackson* ($2.85).

Nowadays George Orwell is best remembered for his prophetic satire on the world of *1984*. But he also wrote other kinds of novels, such as *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (Harbrace, $1.25) and *A Clergyman's Daughter* ($1.45). Apart from introducing into literary vocabulary the name of a common houseplant, in *Aspidistra* Orwell has written a tender story about a vulnerable young man who yearns both for the prison of love and for freedom. In *A Clergyman's Daughter* an upright and uptight woman finds herself entering London's low life and emerging not quite unscathed.

When Kenzaburo Oë's *A Personal Matter* (Evergreen/Black Cat, 95¢), translated by John Nathan, appeared in hardcover, *SR*'s reviewer called it "One of the most exciting novels of the year," while Oë's Japanese colleague Yukio Mishima wrote, "He stands alone as the spokesman for our 1960s." Like Germany's Günter Grass and our own Norman Mailer, Oë writes about youth, cut loose from traditional values, floundering in uncertain moral seas.

New and duly noted: Len Deighton has the formula well in hand—in *Horse Under Water* (Dell, 75¢) he mixes the exact proportions of characters (international, aided by a sexy female translator), intrigue (a mystery locked in a sunken submarine), and exotic locale (Portugal). It's all properly spicy if a bit reheated. The intrigue in *50 Wall Street* (Avon, $1.25) may be domestic but it's no less scary. Vartanig G. Vartan delves into the world of high finance and the race for room at the top. Vartan, financial editor of *The New York Times*, not only knows how to read the ticker tape upside down (a trick one of his characters performs to relieve his boredom), but how to make pulsing fiction from the facts. John Updike's *Couples* (Fawcett/Crest, $1.25) has been called an intellectual *Peyton Place*. I don't know about the intellectual part—most of these exurbanites muddling up their lives seem pretty dumb—but it certainly presents a lot of body contact, with none of the humor or insight needed to make the novel resemble a work of art.

The Hemisphere

In *Obstacles to Change in Latin America* (Oxford/Galaxy, $1.95), edited

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by Claudio Veliz, eleven experts, all of whom have served as advisers to their respective governments, reflect on the major problems of their countries. These insiders' appraisals provide clear insights into such hemispheric woes as political unrest, economic instability, and dependence upon foreign investments.

Mexican economist Alonso Aguilar takes a stern attitude toward America's role in Latin American affairs in *Pan-Americanism from Monroe to the Present* (Monthly Review, $2.95), translated by Asa Zatz. Reviewing the earliest doctrines of protection up to the more recent intervention in Santo Domingo, Aguilar provides what he calls "a view from the other side," treating U.S. policy as old-style imperialism. A book to make Americans feel uncomfortable, it is nonetheless important in its lucid exposition of widespread hostility toward the big uncle in the North.

Régis Debray and the Latin American Revolution (Monthly Review, $1.95), edited by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy, attempts to analyze the role of the young French leftist philosopher who is now imprisoned in Bolivia. Contributors represent all ranges of Leftist opinion: Cuban Communists, ex-President of the Dominican Republic Juan Bosch, a Brazilian sociologist, a Pakistani economist; and they all try to come to terms with Debray's ideas, which emphasize the use of guerrilla power.

Most of the verse in *Our Word: Guerrilla Poems from Latin America* (Grossman, $2.95), a curiously touching anthology translated by Edward Dorn and Gordon Brotherston, is dedicated either to a better life on earth or to death. Some of the poems in this handsomely printed, dual-language text are as simple as songs by anonymous schoolboys, others as sleek as Che Guevara's lines: "And if iron stands in our way/ we ask for a sheet of Cuban tears/ to cover our guerrilla bones/ on the journey to American history./ Nothing more."

In 1967 José Yglesias, a North American writer of Cuban descent, returned to Oriente province, where he wrote *In the Fist of the Revolution* (Vintage, $1.95). A day-by-day portrayal of life in a small Cuban town, it records whatever Yglesias witnessed, whether lack of food and water or the vigorous intensity of young Cubans. He draws no sweeping conclusions; instead he presents a warm, detailed account of human beings aware of their involvement in a political and social experiment.

Literary Lives

Colette, writes Robert Phelps in his introduction to *Earthly Paradise* (Sunburst, $2.65), was "a born watcher." In this long, charming, and illuminating autobiography drawn from her writings over the decades she advises a young writer, "Look for a long time at what pleases you and longer still at what pains you." She herself looked hard at the glowing years of the Belle Epoque, at France in two wars ("I'm used to spending my wars in Paris!"), at her marriages, lovers, and cats—the entire world was grist for her fine perceptions. It's simply a wonderful book.

Anaïs Nin has always been a strange, somewhat mysterious literary figure. She spent her prime years in Europe among great intellectual figures, and more recently has lived as a semi-recluse in Greenwich Village. *The Diary of Anaïs Nin 1931-1934* (Harvest, $2.85), edited by Gunther Stuhlmann, offers a brief segment of her unpublished recollections, which reportedly run to more than 150 volumes. She wrote her journal everywhere, obsessively, in waiting rooms, on trains, at restaurants. This fragment is less a revelation of the artistic *haut monde* than a subdued account of her friendships with Henry Miller and surrealist Antonin Artaud, her psychoanalysis with Otto Rank, and her own awareness of the hypersensitive nature that left her always an observer rather than a participant in life.

Some of the writers who flourished during Miss Nin's heyday are the subject of John R. Harrison's *The Reactionaries* (Schocken, $2.25). A well-conceived critical study, subtitled "A Study of the Anti-Democratic Intelligentsia," it concentrates on W. B. Yeats, Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and D. H. Lawrence, seeking to find out why they rejected democracy in favor of authoritarianism.

In *Ezra Pound* (Minerva, $2.95) Charles Norman carefully traces the life and thought of the poet, asking, "Which is the real Pound—the poet and teacher, or the man who broadcast from Rome. . . ?" He does a masterly job in answering his own question, proving along the way that he understands something of Pound's madness and his ultimate sanity.

Eugène Ionesco's *Fragments of a Journal* (Evergreen, $1.95), translated by Jean Stewart, is a beautiful little book filled with graceful memories of childhood, of dreams sometimes more vivid than life and often in full color. Ionesco appears as a sad man, concerned as much with death as with life: "When the bell tolls for a funeral I am overcome with a mysterious anguish, a sort of fascination. We know all the people who die." Interesting in itself, it also provides insights into the conflicts between absurdity and reality in such Ionesco dramas as *Rhinoceros* and *The Bald Soprano*.

—From the book.

The Gypsies are probably the archetypal nonconformists. In *The Gypsies* (Penguin, $1.95), translated by Charles Duff, Jean-Paul Clébert follows their haphazard path through history, which, since their mysterious appearance in Europe in the fifteenth century, has been shrouded in legend. M. Clébert takes pains to dispel tales of witchcraft and child-stealing, and provides some unfamiliar information about their traditions and ceremonial rites and their identification of the free life with the open road.

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The Margin

Continued from page 27

more tragic than he had assumed. Overwhelmed by his own spiritual emptiness, he realizes that he has lived his life "in the margin" (thereby giving the work's title a double significance).

This beautiful novel contains more riches than can be analyzed here: the ferocious satire of Franco; the almost compulsive descriptions of objects, streets, faces, and meals, which combine to create a delirious sur-reality: the vivid portrayal of medieval religious paintings in all their sadistic violence; the subtle, mysterious symbolism on almost every page. The narrative, related strictly through Sigismond's subjectivity (and ably translated by Richard Howard), helps us fathom the thrusts and gropings of a man's mind.

In *The Girl Beneath the Lion*, Mandiargues reached a denser consistency of poetry; in *The Margin*, a sumptuous meditation on love and death, he displays greater complexity and maturity, which fashion a richer fabric of fiction.

Thomas Bishop

THE ORANGE ENVELOPE

by Mario Soldati, translated from the Italian by Bernard Wall

Harcourt, Brace & World, 251 pp., $5.75.

OBSESSION WITH SIN AND REDEMPTION, even if the orthodoxy is a bit vitiated, qualifies Mario Soldati as a *scrittore cattòlico*, a kind of Italian Graham Greene. "Sin" in this context is invariably identified with that one sin whose contemplation gives almost as much pleasure as its commission, making it prime material for the confessional—namely, the loathsome sin of impurity.

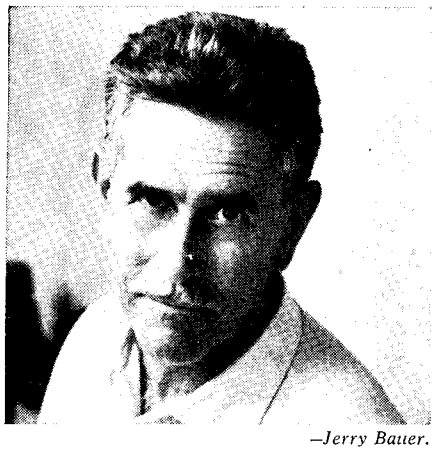
The Orange Envelope is not Soldati's first attempt at stripping away the layers of conscience to get back to frightening childhood indoctrinations, instilled by severe, black-robed Jesuits and nurtured by solid Turin middle-class morals. The irreverent exposure of the intimate sinner-priest relationship was the object of a previous work explicitly entitled *The Confession*.

In this latest story the spiritual damage done to Carlo Felice goes back to pre-confessional days. Reminiscing over his tragic love life, the narrator-protagonist traces the beginning of his woes to the tender age of two, when he fell irrevocably in love with his mother. The presentation of infant sensuality is a brilliant performance; Soldati knows how to temper the heavy eroticism with a delicate sense of humor, as in the picture of a boudoir hung with Liberty-style curtains, where, on a gloomy winter afternoon in Turin, little Carlo, sitting in the corner, is getting much more charge out of his mother's back than from his teddy-bear. On such occasions his mother, calming her husband's fears about Carlo's seeing her naked, would answer: "I can see him in the mirror; he's being so good it's as though he didn't exist." In a later, ruinous love affair these same words are uttered by another woman also bent on playing games with Carlo in the mirror.

After the death of his womanizing father, Carlo becomes the sole object of his mother's morbid affections. She makes him her partner in secret and exquisite little games: putting his finger into the hole in her glove when out for a walk, or running through a whole category of kisses—the Long Kiss, the Little Bird Kiss, the Snake Kiss, the Biting Kiss, the Wind and Rain Kiss, the Good Night Kiss, the Hidden Kiss, and, in culmination, the Holy Love Kiss. This personalized sexual instruction does not come without an accompanying Catholic manual of prohibitions, with stern warnings about evil women, who are fearfully painted as the personification of the devil, like that memorable vision of Saraghina dancing on the beach in Fellini's *8½*.

Fortified with such a precocious *éducation sentimentale*, Carlo proceeds to the *collegio*, mortally afraid of but pruriently attracted to all women, especially the wrong kind. Even so, at the age of twenty-two he retreats in horror from his first visit to a brothel with the boys. Running home to mother, he tearfully confesses to his still inviolate chastity. "Darling mamma, you must know that I'm pure. You can kiss me. The others did it, but I didn't. I went in, yes, but I didn't want to . . . I'm pure, I'm pure!"

Fruitlessly searching for the female ideal that will eclipse the memory of his mother, Carlo deliberately annihilates his feelings of love with one venal creature after another. In his single meaningful encounter with a prostitute it is one of the orange envelopes from his mother's *secrétaire* that intervenes. This is an example of Soldati's usual technique for creating an element of detective-story suspense in his novels—in this instance to very little advantage.



—Jerry Bauer.

Mario Soldati—"brilliant performance."

Many of the figures in the story remain purely tangential, and Soldati's sense of the camera, derived from his experience in movies and television, occasionally degenerates into the histrionic *coup de théâtre*, as it does in some of his other novels. The book's effectiveness lies in its vivid and concrete representation of the fetishistic mother-figure in Italian life, and the psychological distortions bred of too much *mammismo*.

The translation is expertly done, with only a few minor slips. It is not the fault of Bernard Wall that our diminutive-deprived language must render *"mammina"* by "darling mother."

Charles Fantazzi

Charles Fantazzi teaches the classics and Italian at the University of Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

THE HUNGRY GRASS

by Richard Power

Dial, 288 pp., $5.95.

"AT THE FUNERAL, several priests remarked how appropriate it was that Father Conroy should have returned on his last day to Rosnagree, the parish in which he was born. . . . They never thought of Conroy having roots before." Thus begins *The Hungry Grass*, a novel so deceptively simple that one is unprepared for the depths of its concern for the spiritual malaise in Irish life. What matters here is not so much the roots the old priest finds in Rosnagree as the money he leaves behind in Kilbride.

At his death, when the rectory is made ready for his successor, a secret cache is discovered in an unlocked cupboard. Perhaps because Father Conroy was somewhat shortchanged in divine grace, he had squirreled away all the little honorariums received for saying special masses and attending to funerals. It was quite a wad. And in telling us how it came to be there, Richard Power reveals a man who needed this kind of symbolic—and unspent—security in a country where God and Caesar are never very clearly differentiated.

It is an intimate account, undramatic on the surface but roiling underneath with self-confrontation, digging inward to bare various bleak truths about the clerical life; its provincialism reminds one of Bernanos's *Diary*

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of a Country Priest. Readers looking for references to the current turmoil within the Catholic Church over birth control, celibacy, and new rituals will be disappointed: more than in most countries, to be a priest in Ireland means raffling off a pony or badgering his flock for contributions to the building fund.

The Hungry Grass confirms the promise of Richard Power's first novel, *The Land of Youth,* a portrait of the Ireland that has been abandoned by the young and discovered by the tourist. Now, in a more compassionate mood, he gives us an exercise in self-discovery. Having entered the seminary only after his older brother left it, Father Thomas Conroy declines a teaching post for a country parish, where he adjusts only through the grinding little compromises for which he is temperamentally unsuited. He is galled by his sister's dreary marriage to a clod. He is barely on speaking terms with his mother. His uncle James, a successful politician, is a particularly troublesome thorn. ("This is how we've always been, he told himself, James and I, trying to catch each other out, but careful always to look through different cracks.") The English gentry irritate him with their superior ways, the younger clergy are a threat to his settled convictions. Father Conroy is the Ireland that has boxed itself in with petty feuds, family pride, and subservience to its own past.

Near the end of his life, racked with self-doubt, he is pushed aside by a dynamic "traveling" priest whose aim is not so much to save men's souls as the soil they till. But one is a condition of the other, and the author seems to be saying that Ireland is as impoverished spiritually as it is depleted economically. Yet somehow Father Conroy's life is not without its uses. Mr. Power's achievement is to transcend the banality of this life without sentimentalizing or condemning it. *The Hungry Grass* is a sad book but not a bitter one.

David Dempsey

David Dempsey, who writes The Publishing Scene for SR, is especially interested in Irish literature.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

A: a8, b4, c5; B: a9, b 10, c7; C: a6, b 12, c 1; D: a 10, b6, c 12; E: a2, b 11, c9; F: a 11, b9, c 11; G: a 12, b 1, c 10; H: a3, b2, c4; I: a4, b7, c2; J: a5, b3, c6; K: a7, b8, c3; L: a 1, b5, c8.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 38: fares, safer, fears.

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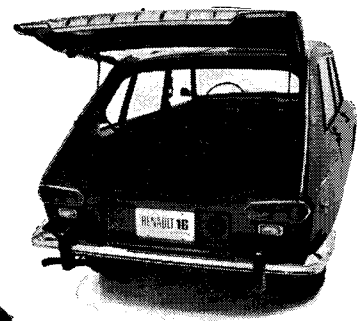

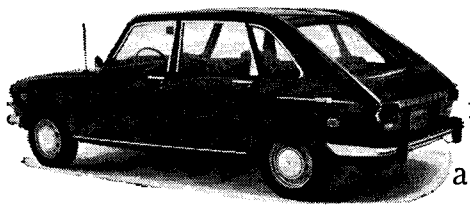

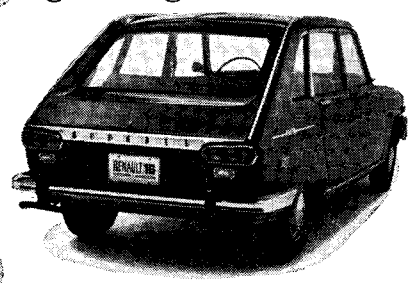

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Edited by David Butwin

A Climate Fit for Weathermen

MY FELLOW ANTIQUITARIANS out there will be glad to learn, as I was, that the jet age has not swept away all remnants of the previous aeronautic era. Indeed, the piston age is alive and chugging between Charlotte and Asheville, North Carolina—or at least it was in late April when I followed the spring northward one morning from Charleston.

I am not prepared to verify the type and make of the Piedmont Airlines plane I boarded in Charlotte, unless you will take the word of my handmaid in blue who declared it to be a Martin 104. I took her word until the morning I flew out of Asheville on a plane which I thought to be identical but which its stewardess identified as a Japanese-made YS-11. Whatever, the Charlotte-Asheville Express had the spaciousness and worn-felt smell of a fine old steam train. I think I hadn't been afforded so much leg room on a plane since crossing from Hawaii to California on a Flying Boxcar.

As the stewardess approached handing out cups of coffee and cellophane packages of doughnuts, I reached reflexively to lower the drop-down table in front of me. It wasn't there. So my lap sufficed. In fact, as I surveyed the cabin during the tranquil journey across western North Carolina, I discovered only two elements of unabashed modernity. One was the stewardess, the other was the magazine she handed me. I don't remember its title, but I think we were equally surprised that it was up to date. "They're all new," she chirped, as though accustomed to dispensing 1941 *National Geographics*.

What removed her most of all from the piston age was the height of her hemline. The shortest skirts I've seen stewardesses wear are on Pacific Southwest Airlines, a California carrier that advertises itself as the only one on which every male passenger tries to get an aisle seat—the nearer to thee. My Piedmont second wore just slightly longer drapery. Filing off at Asheville, I paused to compliment her sartorial daring. "Actually," she said behind her hand, "I'm breaking regulations. We're not supposed to wear our skirts more than two inches above the knee."

"Just tell them you have low knees," I said.

Hers was one of the last miniskirts I was to see in western North Carolina, all just as well because the glorious explosion of spring was distraction enough. Asheville, which lies on a plateau 2,200 feet above sea level between the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky Mountains, is the birth place and burial ground of Thomas Wolfe. He named it Altamont in the torrent of novels and short stories he poured out on the Carolina high country, beginning with *Look Homeward, Angel.*

Springtime, about to ripen into sultry summer in Charleston, was breathing its first in the North Carolina mountains. White dogwood blossoms blanketed the slopes, and azaleas were blushing into bloom. Maple, hickory, birch, and oak trees, not yet come to full leaf, spread a filmy green shadow across the land. On the drive from the airport to Asheville, I opened the window of the Austin-Healy and pushed my face into the cool gush of air, breathing it in like a transfusion. I ask: Is there a sweeter affirmation of life than a cruise through the highlands in a sports car on a shining spring day?

Later that morning, as the climbing sun burned away the last puffs of mist from the valley floors and stream beds, I sat on the terrace of the Grove Park Inn and heard an Asheville friend, Bob Lindsey, deliver one of the loftiest recommendations for a city I have ever heard: Lots of meteorologists, casting about for an ideal, four-seasonal climate in which to retire, have chosen the high country around Asheville. If a weatherman doesn't know where to live, who does?

"I knew one who spent two years looking for the perfect climate *within* this climate," Lindsey said. "He hunted the valleys and coves trying to find the ideal southern exposure with the right thermal flow, and he finally came across such a place. But in the end he was disappointed, because it put him out of the social swim, took him fifteen to twenty minutes to get into Asheville."

Across a broad valley—well, actually it was a golf course, but a lush one—I noticed a purplish haze clinging to the mountains. Lindsey explained that no matter how crystalline the air, the Carolina high country always wears a misty summertime veil, the result of moisture given off by the greenery; hence, the names Great Smokies and Blue Ridge. Only in the winter does the top of Mount Mitchell—at 6,680 feet the highest point east of the Mississippi—stand out against the broad sky.

To this long uncluttered land, settled 175 years ago by hardy Scottish and Irish mountaineers, inevitably has come technology, smokestacks, high-rises, expressways—not in noxious profusion, but gradually and surely since the passage of a bond issue in 1967, steadily enough to worry protectors of the simple past. Yet, at the same time, the bond issue—which provided for a healthy chunk of urban renewal and the building of civic and art centers—signaled one of the first positive, progressive acts in twentieth-century Ashe-

—Bruce Roberts (Rapho-Guillumette).

Wolfe's "Dixieland"—you can almost hear the echo of his words.

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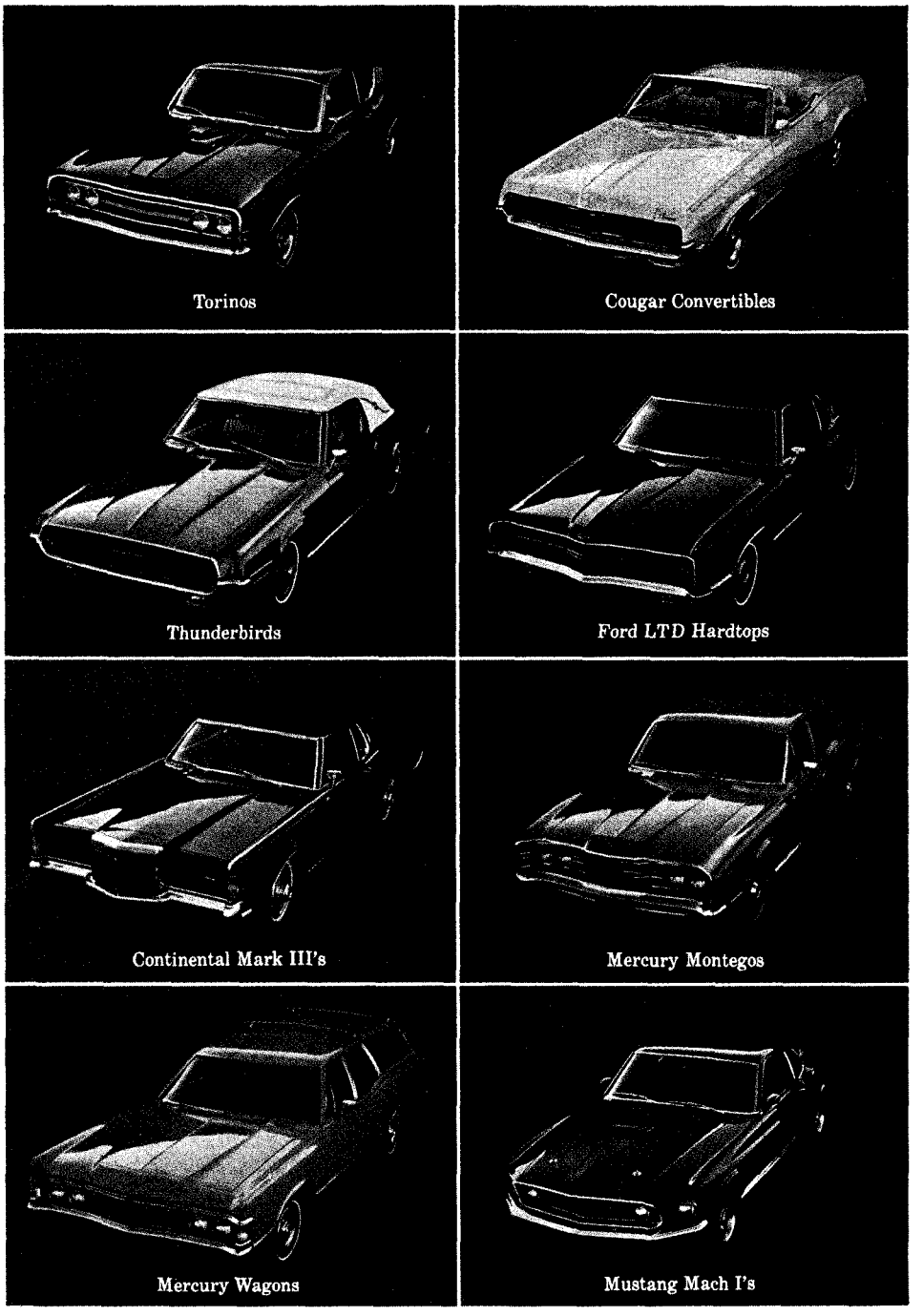

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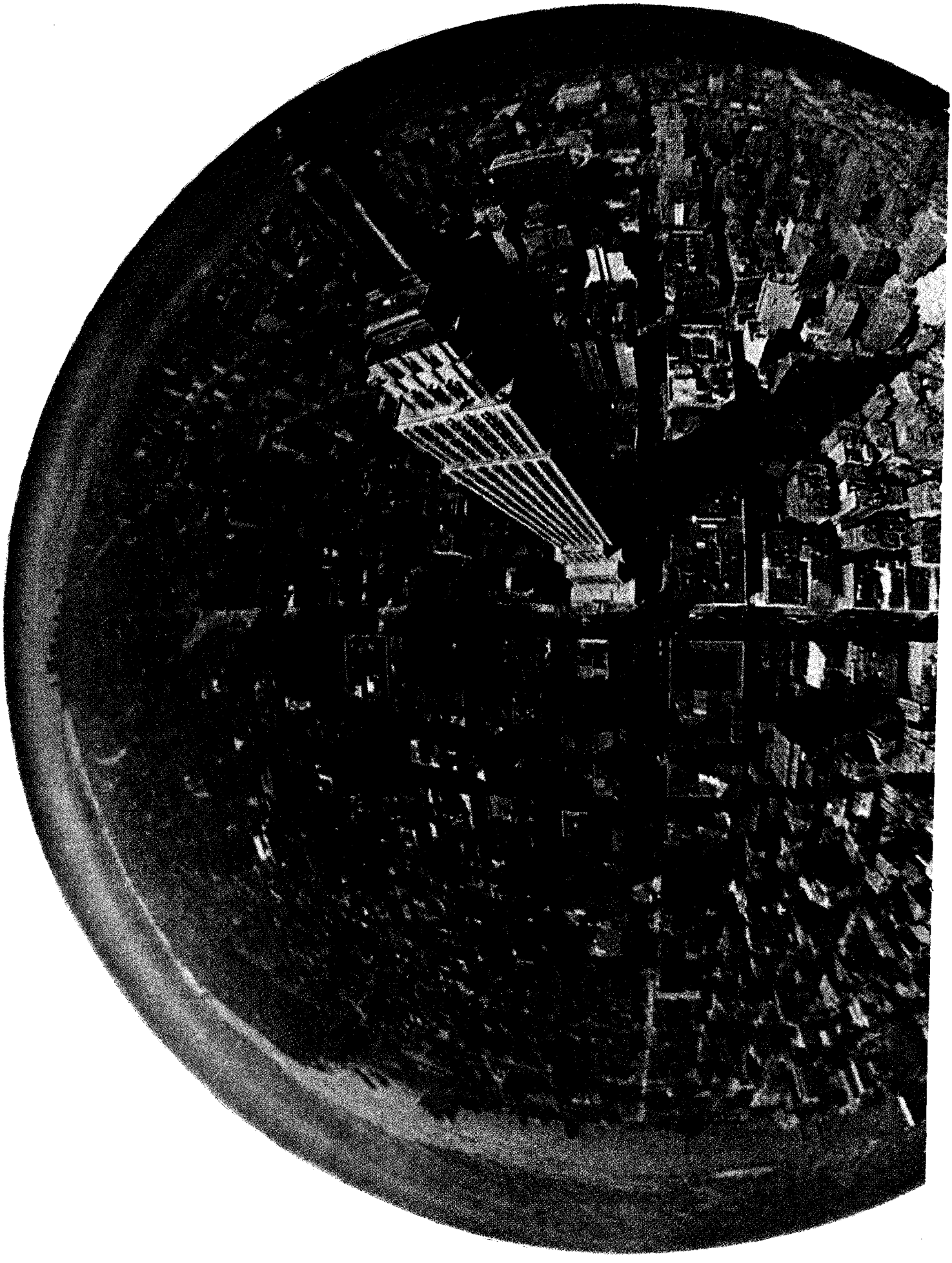

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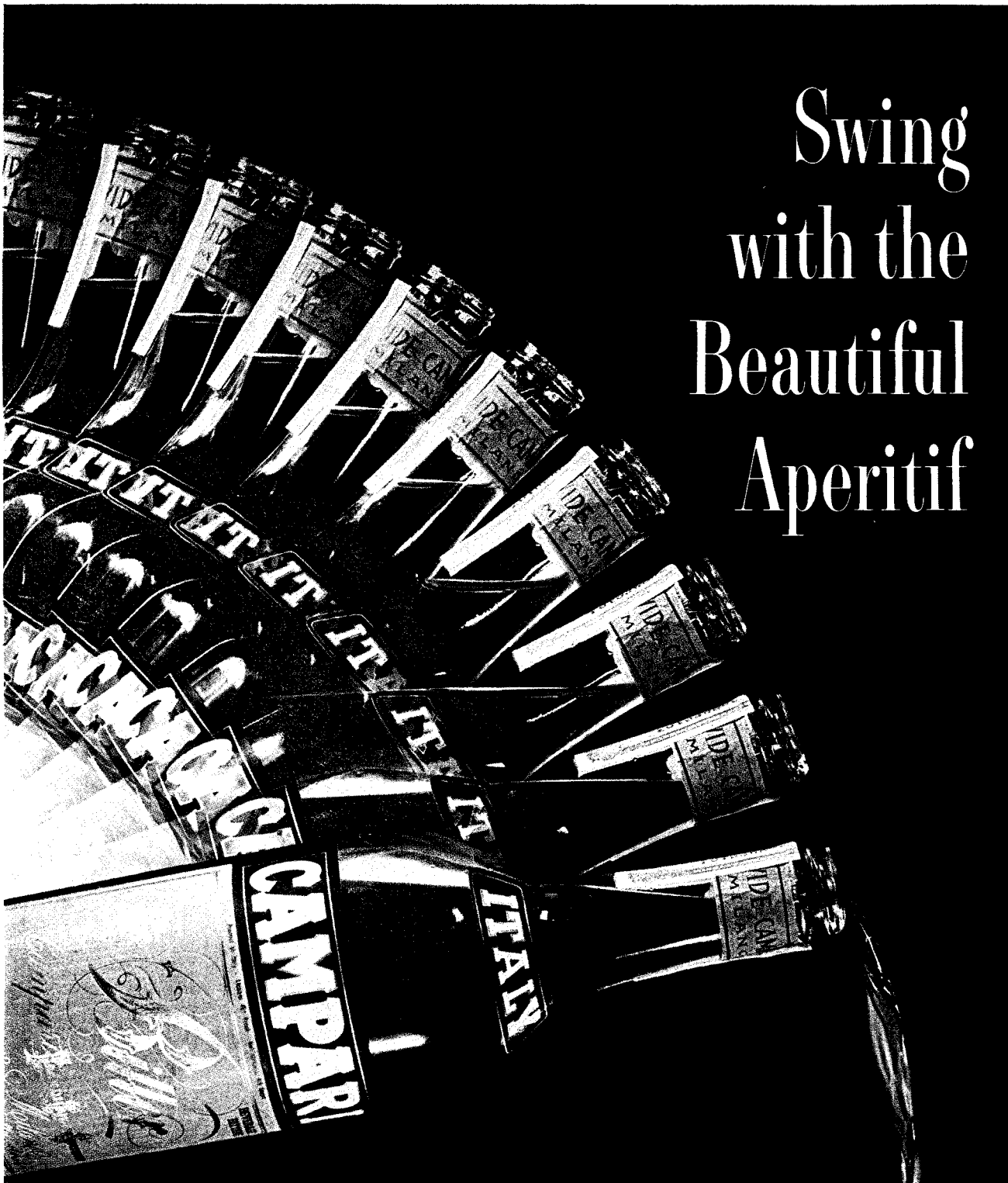

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ville. "We had a boom in the 1920s about the same time as Florida," Lindsey said, "but after it broke, Asheville started to slide. Nothing seemed to work. Every investment and project fizzled. Asheville got so deeply in debt, it's still paying off from the '30s. The town developed a bust psychology, and it's just coming out of it."

Wolfe's novels, revealing to the world beyond the mountains the narrow, provincial attitudes he found so maddening in Asheville, spread the fog of paranoia even thicker. "Wolfe wasn't what you'd call a favorite son around here for years," Lindsey said, "but time has changed all that. Nowadays, if you say you knew him, or know somebody who knew him, it's a badge of honor."

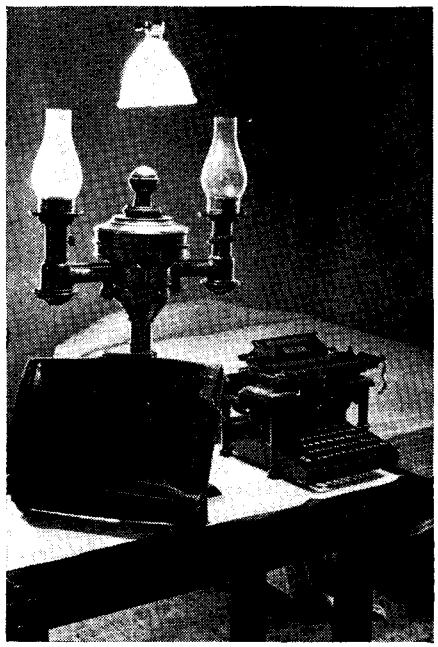
When the urban renewal wrecking crews had finished, the only buildings that remained standing in the area were a couple of churches and the Wolfe residence at 48 Spruce Street, a stolid, angular frame house he called "Dixieland." Today, on the broad front porch, empty rocking chairs face across Spruce Street to the red-dirt urban renewal tract, gaping like an unplowed field for several square blocks. Moving through the musty house, past dozens of mementos tacked to the walls, by tiny rooms where boarders had slept on iron-frame beds, where his father and brother had died, you can almost hear his words echoing through the drafty hallways: "O Lost!"

The lucky visitor will encounter Fred Wolfe, the only remaining member of the family, who calls himself "the last of the Mohicans." Fred lives 60 miles south in Spartanburg, South Carolina, but comes up every few weeks when the house is opened to the public in the summer just to see that things are in order and to talk about his brother to anyone who will listen. Thomas, who died in 1938, is buried under a plain gray headstone bearing only the word WOLFE and etched with a few blossoms and leaves in the family plot at Riverside Cemetery. Nearby is the grave of O. Henry, who was born in Greensboro, North Carolina.

Whatever their setbacks, Asheville people have always had the knack of burying it all in the gay fury of mountain song and dance. From the toddling stage, most of them learn the highly intricate steps of three square dance variations — smooth, Western, and clog — which, in fact, are more round than square. Asheville's young people are not strangers to today's rock gyrations—something I learned vividly one night elbowing for room on a packed dance floor outside of town—but I think they save their best moves for weekend jamborees. These are staged on main streets, in parking lots, and tents throughout the summer at such square dance strongholds as Lake Lure, Hendersonville, Brevard, and Maggie Valley.

Asheville puts on two competitive jamborees each year, one of which all but burst the beams of the old Asheville City Auditorium the weekend I was in town. Mrs. Hubert Hayes, whose husband staged the shebang from 1948 to his death in 1964, has already begun to audition for next April's jamboree. Those mountain-country kids who are unable to make the journey to Asheville to audition in the square-logged cabin beside her main house are judged over the phone. If it be a dance number, Mrs. Hayes will instruct the youth to place the telephone receiver on the floor and step through his routine while she listens. That's what I call playing it by ear.

On a morning as sparkling as the day I arrived, I slipped away from the new expressways that are slowly embracing Asheville and headed south on the two-lane U.S. 25. Near Fletcher, the Calvary Episcopal Church provides Carolina's answer to Westminster Abbey, several rows of stone tablets set in the front lawn commemorating all sorts of Southern literary figures. (The state of North Carolina will not let a moment of history pass without putting up a plaque to remember it. Even the sports-minded are rewarded. At Fayetteville is the spot where Babe Ruth hit his first home run; at High Point, the place where Jim Thorpe played his first professional baseball game, an event that removed him from amateur status and thus deprived him of the medals he won at the 1912 Olympics.) Among the Southern literati remembered in stone are Robert Loveman whose *April Rain* contained the



—Bruce Roberts (Rapho-Guillumette).
At Wolfe house—a writer's tools.

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line: "It is not raining rain to me, it's raining daffodils" (though Al Jolson's version rained violets); Henry Timrod, poet laureate of the Confederacy; Jefferson Davis (How did he get in there?); and James Whitcomb Riley, who, after all, was a Hoosier.

Farther south on 25, I came to the town of Flat Rock, notable for a good summer stock, the old Woodfield Inn, and the residence of the late Carl Sandburg. His widow, eighty-six this month, still lives in the big white house called Connemara, whose columned porch looks out across a pine woods to the hazy outline of Mount Mitchell. Mrs. Sandburg, the sister of the photographer Edward Steichen, is a wispy, white-haired woman with an enormous vitality. She sat on a sofa, a blue and red afghan folded over the back, and talked animatedly of the goats she used to raise, the people she and her husband remembered best from Illinois ("Adlai was *too* good a man"), and the nation's student revolutionaries ("The more noise they make, the more I like them").

We walked out onto the porch, and stood for a while drinking in the air, scented with lilac, pine, and all else that was coming back to life. Mrs. Sandburg said she will leave Connemara soon, and move north to stay with relatives, probably in Cleveland. Then the house may be turned into a memorial.

"Everything that could bloom this year bloomed to perfection," she said. "In other years, we had one day of glory, but this year the flowers stayed ten days. It just seemed like nature was trying to do something for us this last year." —D.B.

WIT TWISTER #114

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

How _ _ _ _ _ the passer-by—the one who walks
Abroad at night, though _ _ _ _ _ in his room?
Because he _ _ _ _ _ no man, he stops and talks
With one who hates him—and thus meets his doom!

—Contributed by
MRS. MEDORA CARPENTER.

(*Answer on page* 31)

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Small Meyerbeer; Margot, Rudi, and Bernstein

IN DAYS OF OLD when Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* was a favorite Metropolitan diversion, all-star casts were expected as a matter of course; and when that appeal failed to sustain attention, casting that justified the claim of "The Nights of the Seven Stars" was invented. On the recent occasion when the American Opera Society put on its version of *Les Huguenots* in Carnegie Hall (largely in order to work off an obligation incurred earlier in the season when Joan Sutherland could not appear), the performing personnel included one singer of great agility, several others of vocal promise but insufficient present attainment, and a young conductor from Marseilles whose *forte* was, certainly, not *piano*.

Whether any of this came close to really good Meyerbeer very few are in a position to say, for virtually none now living have useful standards to apply to such a question. There is very little doubt that, for those who paid premium ticket prices, the closest approach to an affirmative answer was provided by Beverly Sills, who was cast as Marguerite de Valois. To judge from the tumultuous response to her performance of "O beau pays de la Touraine," they were satisfied that they had been exposed to a great example of vocal art. What they had, in fact, been exposed to was a skillful exploitation by Miss Sills of the best resources at her disposal, which is to say the upper end of her vocal compass, which is the area from F to C (and slightly higher). Here she is not only sure but strong, an evaluation that must be modified considerably where the lower ranges are concerned (they are almost as sure, but by no means as strong). This is, however, a long way from great vocal art, which asks for variations of color (which Miss Sills indulges in sparingly), clearer articulation of the texts than she provides, and a wiser choice of embellishments. Her superb agility was by far the most interesting aspect of the long act (II) in which she is primarily present, but her gravitation toward elaborate patterns of embellishment is evermore suggestive of a performer who is not sure she could earn equal applause without them. Her principal female associates were Kay Creed as a vibrant Urbain, Angeles Gulin as a loud rather than truly disciplined Valentine, and Jacqueline Pierce as Comte de Nevers's Page.

Uneven as they were, they nevertheless had more to offer that was pertinent to the composer than such male performers as Justino Díaz, whose fine but shortish basso voice was unequal to the requirements of Marcel and his "Piff-Paff"; Tony Poncet, an earnest but vocally undersized Raoul; and Thomas Jamerson, whose effort showed Comte de Nevers to be currently beyond his vocal reach. Joshua Hecht, who might on some occasion give a good account of himself vis-à-vis the requirements of Comte de St. Bris, provided more histrionic than vocal emphasis to a part in which the basic requirements are exactly reversed. All too often, whether the singers were male or female, the audience response related less to what was heard than to what was expected to be heard. To her credit, Miss Sills sustained a long, demanding vocal episode without deference to the audience response—which was, eventually, on the hysterical side—but the intrusions on the efforts of others identified many of the listeners as indiscriminate as well as ill-mannered.

It was, clearly, difficult if not impossible to see Meyerbeer anything like plain in this kind of presentation. However, the fluent melody, broadly contrasted scenes, and effective exploitation of stage situations—well before Verdi had even ventured into opera—gave some understanding of the appeal Meyerbeer possessed in his time of glory. A kind of operatic Cecil B. de Mille who exploited productive opportunities without worrying whether the result was art or not, and who was eventually expropriated when his innovations were mated with greater dramatic truth by others, Meyerbeer remains a creator of consequence, if not of many current consequences. Conductor Reynald Giovaninetti, of Marseilles, worked vigorously at his task, but without adequate stylistic command to produce outstanding results.

Even so tedious a piece of music as Arnold Schoenberg's early *Pelléas and Mélisande* doesn't deserve the choreographic fate imposed upon it by Roland Petit on behalf of The Royal Ballet, which is to say Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. For those to whom balletic Schoenberg began with Antony Tudor and his use of *Verklärte Nacht* for the work called *Pillar of Fire*, this was not only wide of the mark but

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without a flight plan worthy of mention.

Little as Petit's concoction had to do with Schoenberg's score, it had even less to do with anything associated with Maeterlinck and his characters. Following a Robbins-like use of the ensemble—supine on the floor, thrashing arms about to simulate some kind of forest undergrowth—one was introduced to Miss Fonteyn as Mélisande, Nureyev as Pelléas, and Keith Rosson as Golaud in an age-youth relationship unlike anything in the original. What followed was, basically, a half-hour of French *chicarei* (or chic made noxiously offensive) in which stunts took the place of purpose, and choreographic wiggles and waggles, muscular fits and starts passed for danced action. The program began with Ashton's *Monotones* and ended with *The Dream*.

It may be premature to commend Leonard Bernstein for making a ceremonial rather than a celebration of his final Thursday-night program as music director of the New York Philharmonic, for he had another matinee and an evening concert to follow. Indeed, it was difficult to comprehend why the mere formality of shedding one title and assuming another calls for so much public notice when it is already established that Bernstein will be a guest conductor for more than a month next season, continue to record with the Philharmonic, direct a share of its "Young Peoples' " TV programs, and tour to Japan in 1969.

However, for those who pay attention to such matters, it might have been noted that Bernstein exchanged an extra hearty handshake with the concertmaster when he came on stage, that the orchestra paid its standing tribute, and that, together, the conductor and the players delivered a performance of Mahler's Third Symphony enormously creditable to all. This is a work no orchestra can yet claim to have in the palm of its collective hand, and Bernstein's strongly possessive sense of its contours as well as its context made a stimulating blend when, in similar circumstances of rehearsal time, others might have been satisfied with a mix. The performers extended themselves to achieve a result that their likable chief would remember, and the associated performers—Betty Allen, mezzo; the Women's Chorus of the Schola Cantorum; and The Boys' Choirs from The Little Church Around the Corner and The Browning School—gave equally of their best.

So, for that matter, did the Philharmonic's board of directors. Their "going away" present to the departing conductor was a 19 foot Chris Craft titled "Laureate."

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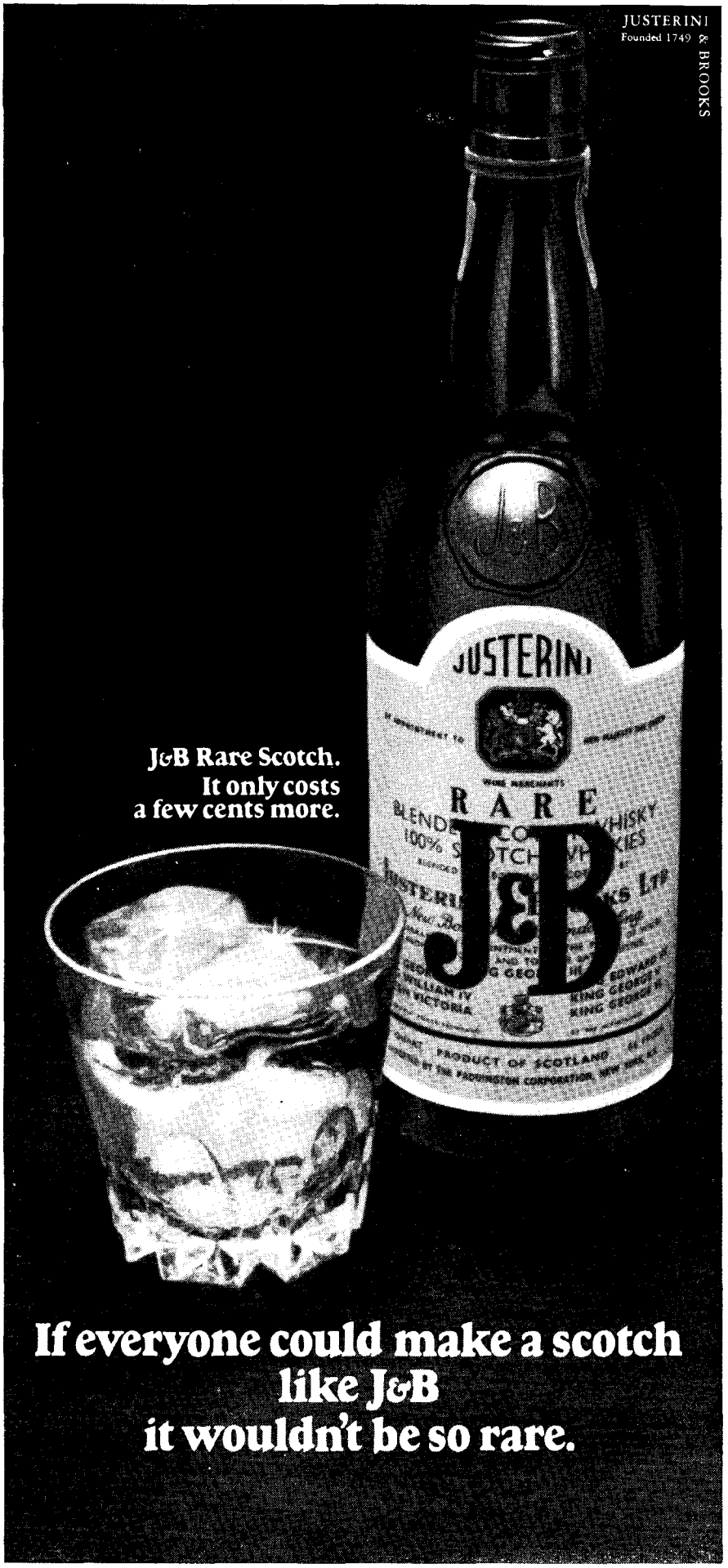

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Steps from Stuttgart

STUTTGART.

As NEW YORK will soon discover for itself at the Metropolitan Opera House in a season beginning on June 10, the Stuttgart Ballet has become one of the world's most important dance troupes —a real "sleeper" in the world of dance —because of the extraordinary talents of one man, a Britisher of South African birth, John Cranko. His genius, and it is that, lies not only in choreography but also in direction. He is something of a paradox, a practical visionary. He came to Stuttgart ten years ago to stage a ballet; a year later, he became the director; this year, he adds the Munich Ballet to his realm and will direct both companies, using an exchange system in personnel and repertory.

Already, he is shuttling back and forth between Stuttgart and Munich in his new Mercedes-Benz, and roars with appreciative laughter when he hears the story that the president of Mercedes-Benz — the main factory is in Stuttgart—said that his company's only export rival in Stuttgart is the Stuttgart Ballet.

Why did Cranko leave Britain's Royal Ballet for Stuttgart? "They had enviable conditions here: a beautiful theater, money, scene shops, costume rooms, rehearsal hall, the most modern equipment imaginable, just everything —but they simply didn't have a first-class company, and you can't have a real company until you have a real ballet school. I don't like to teach. I don't think I'm very good at it. Oh, I can give steps and stretches, but there is more to teaching than that. So I have a teaching staff for the company as it is, for the young ones just coming in, and for the children, our dancers of tomorrow."

This staff includes Anne Wooliams, a disciple of one of the great ballet teachers of our age, Vera Volkova, now principal teacher of the Royal Danish Ballet and a major training force in the careers of Dame Margot Fonteyn, Maria Tallchief, Erik Bruhn, Henning Kronstam, and other ballet stars of both sexes. Miss Wooliams, like Volkova and, oddly enough, like Martha Graham, instructs in verbal images in addition to purely muscular actions. I watched her teach both women and men, and with her stern discipline goes an almost caressive concern for the body. She herself says, "I love each of

John Cranko—"a practical visionary."

their bodies, but I don't always love what they do with them in class. I guess that's why I'm here—to do something about that!"

Alan Beale is the male side of ballet instruction at Stuttgart. He, too, left Britain's Royal Ballet to become a part of a surging ballet movement in Stuttgart, and he, too, credits Mme. Volkova with training his teaching eye. He and Anne work as collaborators, not rivals. "Anne knows what the girl dancer must do when she is dancing with a man. I know what the man must do to support the ballerina. Both are essential."

The results of this training, instituted by Cranko, are apparent in the dancing of our newest dance phenomenon, the Stuttgart Ballet. Tradition, of course, is right here in Stuttgart, as well as innovation. Ballet, in both the duchy and, as instituted by Napoleon, the kingdom of Württemberg, was a vital part of court life as it was in other royal and ducal settings. In nearby Ludwigsberg, there is a lovely court theater in the old castle, built in 1704, which is still used. The last King of Württemberg, whose reign ended fifty years ago when Germany became a republic, was a patron of ballet, and, it is said, of ballerinas too!

—Photos by Hannes Kilian.

Haydée and Cragun "make a brand of theater magic" in Cranko's "Romeo and Juliet."

Cranko is responsible for most of the choreography seen here during the ballet week and for the repertory selected for New York and for the transcontinental tour in October and November. But tradition is also observed. The company has a splendid production of the old *Giselle*, with the Coralli-Perrot-Petipa choreographies staged by Peter Wright.

At the performance I saw, the Giselle was Marcia Haydée, diminutive, intense, appealing—an actress as well as a dancer. The Albrecht was that amazing Egon Madsen, who can, apparently, do anything from buffoonery through technical feats of skill in classical style to the most elegant exposition of romanticism. Jan Stripling was a rough but sympathetic Hilarion, wholly believable and not a cardboard villain—and how marvelous it was to have a senior mime (Ruth Papendick), and not a *corps de ballet* girl, play Giselle's mother.

On the same program you would have also seen a new Cranko ballet, but one couched in the style of the *danse d'école*. This was *Concerto for Flute and Harp* (Mozart), and it belongs to that genre of abstract ballets of movement visualizations of classical music, of which Balanchine is the indisputable master. Cranko, of course, uses this special dance idiom in his own way, so that the piece itself is fresh and new. Furthermore, instead of employing a large corps of girls, he uses twelve cavaliers for his two ballerinas, and the result is delightful.

Another program would bring, say, "Divertissements" from Tchaikovsky's *The Nutcracker*, with wholly new choreography by Cranko. In the "Pas de Huit," or in the "Dance of the Snowflakes," you would find a perfect example of his combining musicality with architectural effects; thus, canon forms and counterpoint would be inextricably related to formations not only involving divisions and subdivisions of an ensemble, but also actions and figurations taking place on different levels of height.

In contrast to this ebullient and visually regal *Nutcracker* is Cranko's *Opus One* (to Anton Webern's Passacaglia, Op. 1). It is, I think, a contemporary masterpiece. One's first thought is to categorize it as modern as distinct from classical, or avant-

(*Continued on page* 43)

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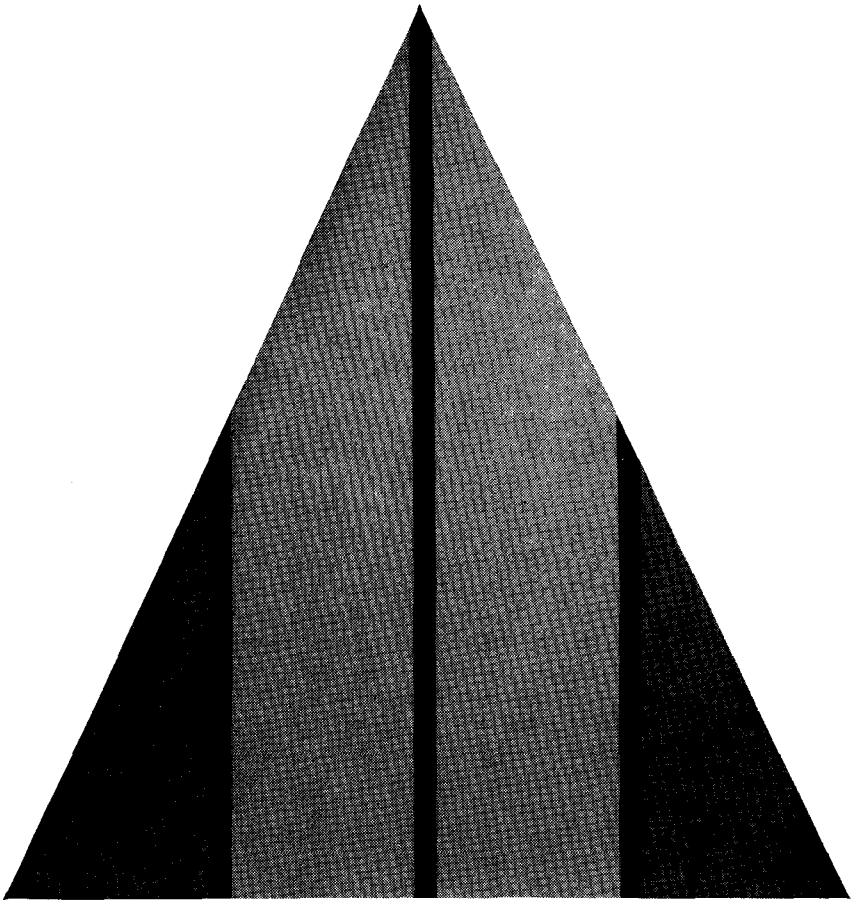
The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh



"Chartres, 1969," by Barnett Newman.

Denials, Affirmations, and Art

CAN IT BE that the brutalities, ambiguities, and bitter frustrations of contemporary life are triggering a cool and bloodless art? We find prolific evidence in current trends such as the constructionist, post-painterly, hard-edge, abstract-concrete, synthesist, systemic, reductionist, primary, and minimal schools. Never mind the labels; they multiply with each new exhibition. But the fact remains that art today is often pared down to rigorously elementary forms and to an all but anonymous impersonality. This phenomenon was brought home to me forcibly last month when I happened to visit Barnett Newman's show at Knoedler's immediately after a long de Kooning confrontation at the Museum of Modern Art.

Though these two men are contemporaries, they reflect a troubled world with drastically opposed means. De Kooning mirrors the frenzy of life today; Newman reacts against this frenzy with rational restraints and serene authority. One man produces heavy, dense, measured canvases where strict economy adds up to an aggressive unyielding presence; the other creates frayed, knotted, nervous, and evasively anxious images which interact in a multiple shifting kaleidoscope. Some art historians feel the great European classical tradition ended with de Kooning while the true American avant-garde began with Newman. This is perhaps an overeasy assumption. In any given period there have always been dichotomies based on the art that submits to overwhelming forces and the one that escapes from these forces.

When Mondrian was creating pure space with pure color, the Surrealists were doggedly excavating their own involuntary urges. While Cézanne was deploying formal elements to achieve the finality of permanence, Van Gogh was shredding these elements in a blast of self-revelation. Go back earlier if you wish. Ingres and Delacroix lived at the same time in the same country, but worked at diametrically different eye-levels, as, for that matter, did such contemporaries as Michelangelo and Raphael. The art historian, Max Friedländer, once wrote, "Among the great masters some are like fighters, others like victors." He listed Michelangelo as fighter, Raphael as victor. When Cézanne said, "I am the primitive of my way," he implied, no doubt, that he was battering down past traditions in his fight for what we now call "the new vision." And, to be sure, every period has its own new vision. Otherwise there would be no history. Painters like Derain and Vlaminck, who came after Cézanne and inherited his findings, sweetened and diluted the master's hard-hoed truths until their works became little more than popular pastiches, if highly accomplished ones.

This is not to say that either de Kooning or Newman is a victor, despite their late but bountiful public recognition. Yet, during the last decade it is Newman whose influence pervades "the scene." In the Fifties, it was de Kooning, Pollock, Kline—men who relied on their own uninhibited drives. Today the younger artists see in Newman's vast simplified color areas a degree of reality they can respect. These paintings, they feel, are not involved with any form of symbolism or personal identification; they are based on color and they are color — nothing more, nothing less. With certain Newman followers, this idea is carried so far as to limit an entire canvas to only blue or red or yellow. For them, the amount of color and the color itself are all that counts. Even in the nineteenth century, Gauguin, reacting against impressionistic breakup, claimed that a meter of green was greener than a centimeter.

One might ask if color is enough. One might also ask if Newman is dealing only with color. His paintings at best are evocations of an expansive burgeoning space gashed by deep vertical cleavages. His canvases are also tributes to the power of sheer color. In America, where urban elbow room is dwindling daily, where 10,000 people work in one building, where the clutter of visual and physical life is almost unbearable, where noise, confusion, and pollution are omnipresent, an art of denial is both welcome and salutary. The aim is no longer to make a distillation of our surroundings, but to vaporize them. This is scarcely a new point of view. When Malevich painted *White on White* in 1918 in Russia, that country had been caught up in war, destruction, and revolution for several years. His uncompromising composition of one white square tilted on a white canvas represented for him "the supremacy of pure feeling." Thus did

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he geometrically and philosophically obliterate surrounding complexities.

Newman's paintings, unlike those of numerous disciples, are not denials alone; they are affirmative reorganizations. He combines real color with the illusion of space, relying always on scale and degree. Size and intensity are his tools, and not infrequently the latter is the result of the former. Though Newman's work differs totally from Mondrian's in intention and appearance, when their paintings are seen together in reduced black and white reproduction, it is similarities that obtrude. Yet there is no basic connection between these men unless it is their joint insistence on the elimination of all naturalistic allusions and their emphasis on starkly controlled organizations. Mondrian depended only on severe line and pure color. In Newman's work, line as such ceases to exist. Instead, a long palpitating brush stroke splits color into vibrant activity.

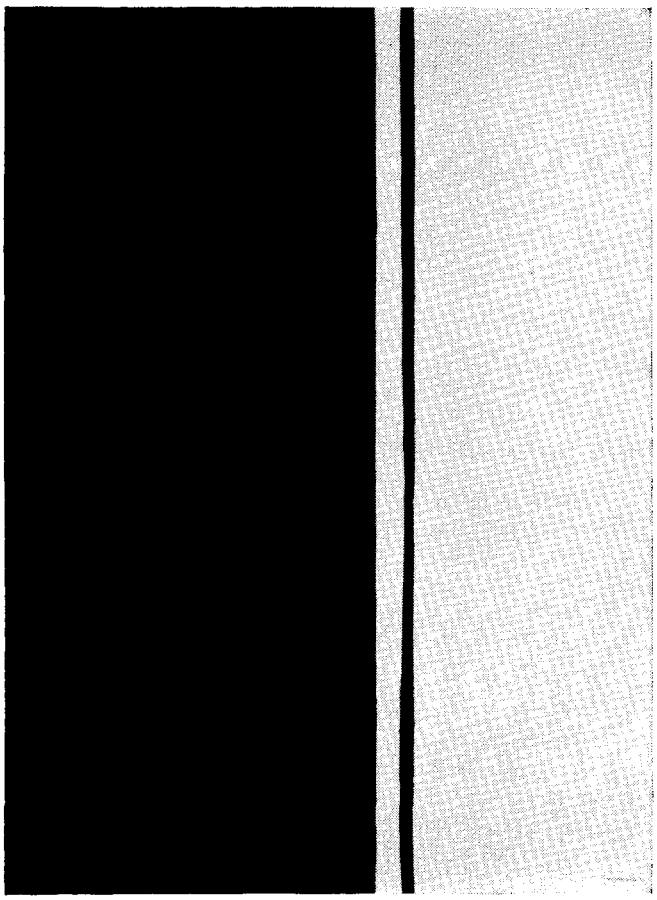
Mondrian was after "a new esthetic based on relationships of lines and pure colors, because," said he, "only the pure relationships of constructive elements can lead to pure beauty." But for Newman, beauty is irrelevant. As early as 1948 he wrote in *Tiger's Eye*: "The invention of beauty by the Greeks . . . has been the bugbear of European art and European esthetic philosophies." Eliminating "memory, association, nostalgia, legend, myth," he hopes through art to evoke "a new way of experiencing life." In his stringent denial of all irrelevancies, it is not purity he seeks, but intensity. Both Mondrian and Newman, and for that matter Malevich, too, deal with a kind of metaphysical morality, with the underlying ethics of art. And this morality is involved with what they consider reality —not realism but reality.

Who is to say which artist is the more potent social commentator—the one who squarely confronts the tangle of life or the one who rejects it? Both stem from the same roots. But surely the only painters who survive must irrevocably pursue their individual convictions rather than hand-me-down stereotypes. De Kooning's early fury when his own influence was not yet haunting him and Newman's awkward experiments in minimal optimism reach us with authentic impact. Too often the works of their followers do not. Validity is sometimes impaired because, though art can grow from art, it grows best from personal discovery.

Again to quote Friedländer, who found Van Gogh "a genius without talent," I would suppose most artists have talent without genius. They are apt to follow the lead blindly if correctly, not alone because following can be easy and profitable, but because it can represent the limit of their ability. These men, then, are the minor victors, the losing ones in the end. Still we need them as norms to judge by, as aids in our long journey from peak to peak. Lesser artists have their place both for the valid periphery experiences they provide and for the helpful padding they give to history. True, these men do not make history; they embroider it. Through them we come to understand more fully the artists they emulate.

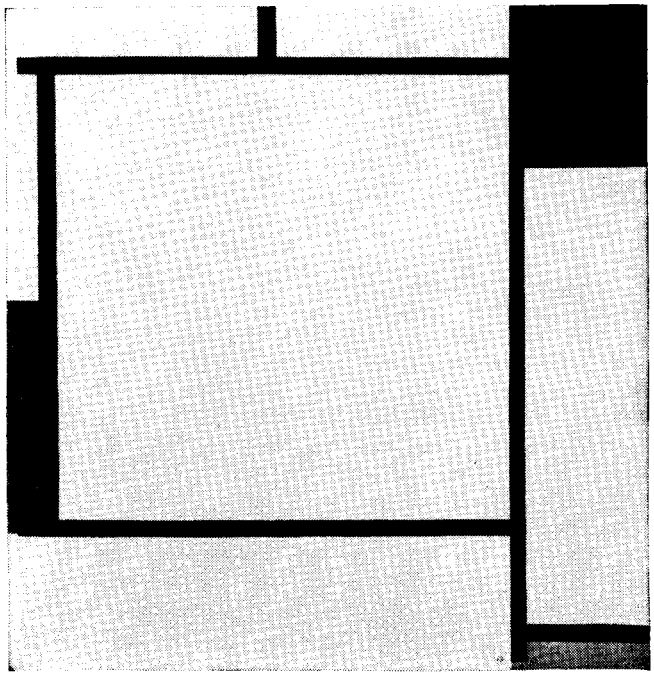
I would imagine that soon the pendulum will swing again. It vibrates rapidly these days. Shortly all those stripes of bright color seemingly painted by the same hand, and all those endless minimal structures seemingly turned out by the same machine will give way to the reign of another "new vision." Who knows—minimal may now swerve to maximal? It is rarely the school but more likely the man who finally launches a transformation, yet the school cannot be written off. It ends up as a revealing resumé.

"Black Fire," by Barnett Newman.



"Composition 2," by Piet Mondrian.

—The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.



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World of Dance

Continued from page 40

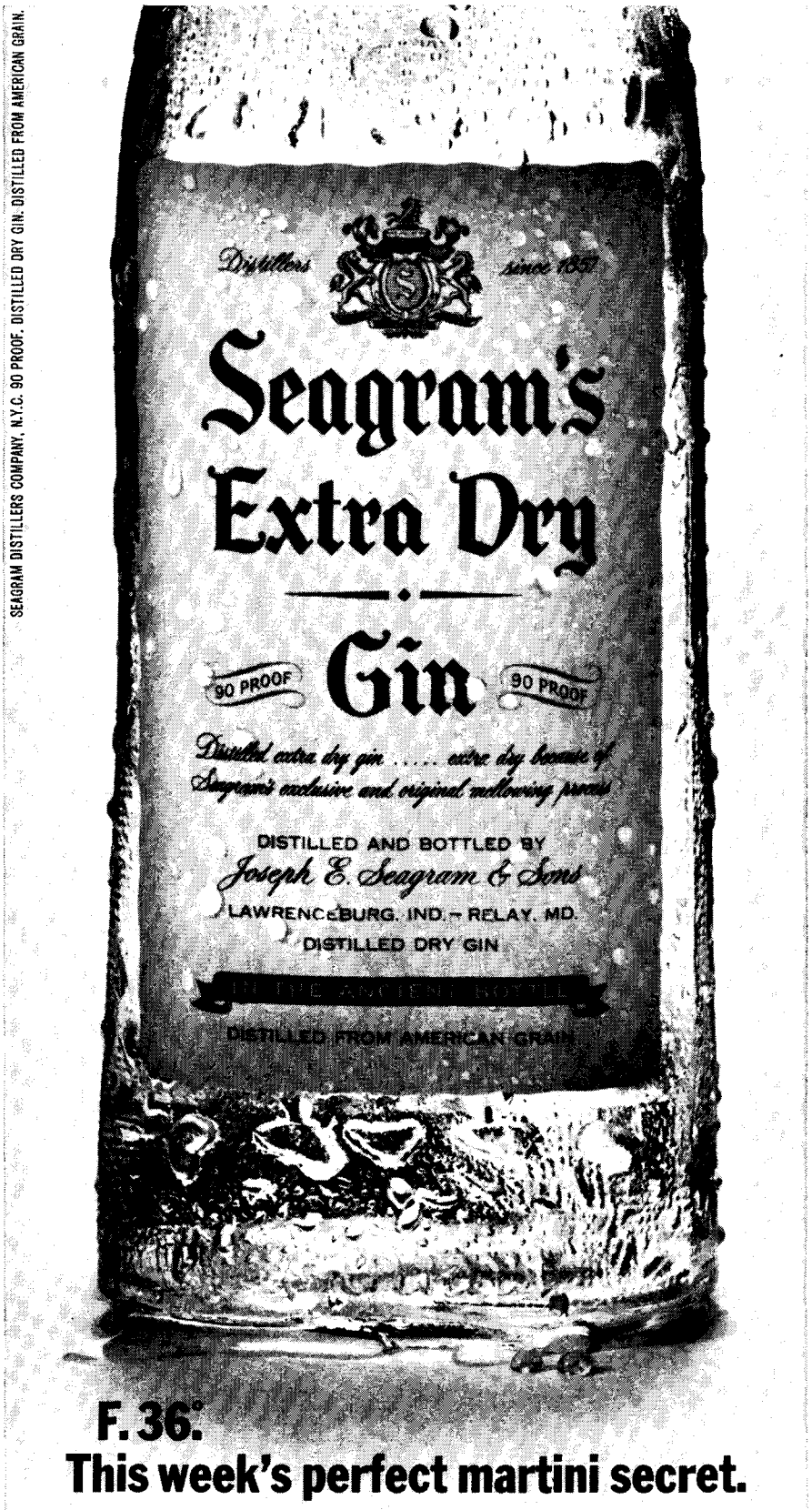
garde as different from something else. It is none of these. It is dance, and it speaks in its own terms, not literal but filled with passion, of youth and aloneness in the midst of many, and of that labyrinth, both inner of the heart and outer with the world, through which the individual must find his own terribly lonely way.

It was the first ballet in which Cranko created a major role especially for Richard Cragun, who shines so brilliantly in the lusty *Taming of the Shrew* (to be discussed next week) and in any classical assignment. His performance, in this work of prodigious invention and profound emotional adventure, is a memorable one, physically powerful but curiously sensitive. Cragun himself says, "I have a religious feeling about *Opus One*," and it is this feeling of undefinable ecstasy of being that we, the onlookers, share with him. Ineffably lovely is Susanne Hanke as another searching being, and the ensemble is as magnificent in this as it is in its splashiest excursions into classical virtuosities.

Stravinsky's *Jeu de Cartes* has reached the stage in many guises—*Card Party* and *Poker Game* among them—but Cranko's staging, with scenery and costumes by Dorothee Zippel, is the best I've seen. And with Madsen as the irrepressible Joker, it is a special treat.

Of high quality is John Cranko's utterly beautiful production of *Romeo and Juliet*, which I have just seen with the cast that will be first in New York, Haydée and Cragun—and they must be classed with the finest to be seen in the world of dance. Miss Haydée is a Juliet so young, so vulnerable, so captured by love that you will never forget her. And Cragun is the ardent, wild, angry, fierce, and enraptured Romeo. These two artists, together, make a brand of theater magic different from but as potent as, say, that of Fonteyn and Nureyev.

Haydée and Cragun, in company with Heinz Clauss, vaulted to the other end of the theater-dance spectrum in Cranko's way-out *Présence*, a ballet with an avant-garde score (a fine one, too) by Bernd-Alois Zimmermann, crazy décor and costumes by Jürgen Schmidt-Oehm.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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Laughter in Dark Places

TO THE BRITISH we seem foreign, quite naturally, and when British directors film American subjects against native backgrounds, their freshness of view and viewpoint sometimes makes the familiar look as though we were seeing it for the first time. This happened with John Moorman's *Point Blank*, a not very good film otherwise, and certainly *Bullitt*, directed by Peter Yates, was more than just another crime thriller, with its extraordinary capture of a hospital interior and its use of San Francisco locations. Now something of the same distinctive sort has happened with *Midnight Cowboy*, directed by John Schlesinger from Waldo Salt's screenplay. Set loose in a barren Texas town, in New York's Manhattan and Bronx, and in Miami, the film is crammed with visual riches.

Not that he means to be documentary—quite the contrary in this weird chronicle of a young Texan who attires himself in movie cowboy dress and migrates to New York to make his fortune as a male prostitute. In fact, Schlesinger, to the occasional detriment of what on the whole is a striking and effective film, has moments when he pounds too hard on the symbolic aspects of his story: the idea of some Americans viewing their fellows as sexual prey; money and sex equated. At one orgasmic moment a TV set shows a slot machine releasing a spray of coins.

On the other hand, *Midnight Cowboy* is the very model of the new style movie: quick-cutting, sudden inserts that flash us to moments in the past, irrelevancies that later take on relevance, a zoom shot of the "cowboy" leaning from the window of his Times Square hotel, faces that listen blankly to a stranger's intimate confidence. It seems funny, surreal, and the audience laughs, as though at a sick joke, when Joe Buck, the cowboy, almost stumbles across a prostrate man in front of Tiffany's, while pedestrians continue to walk by unconcerned.

But the movie's force comes less from these elements than from the human encounters. They are funny and terrible. Buck attempts to pick up a Park Avenue matron. Sizing him up she leads him to her apartment, speedily takes him to bed, but, on revealing to her that he charges a fee, charges him one instead. Things go from bad to worse, and finally, his only friend is a crippled Times Square con artist and petty thief who, after first "taking" the cowboy, lets him stay in his place, an abandoned rats' nest in a doomed building. Ratso Rizzo is the seedy little guy's name, and he is wonderfully played by Dustin Hoffman, who infuses him with, by the end, a totally surprising tenderness.

In a blend of raunchy humor, unpleasant perversity, and one scene of sickening brutality, the pair make their way through a collection of hard-shelled New Yorkers, religious nuts, underground film-makers, lonely queers, and other assorted weirdos, Buck hoping to collect a stable of well-paying female customers, Ratso acting as his "manager" so that he can make it to his dream kingdom, Miami. What holds it together is the feeling of the director for his people. When Antonioni went to London and saw that new environment (for him) in similarly heightened terms, there was a kind of *Weltschmerz* pall over his people. Not here. Though most of them are considerably larger than life, they do spring to life.

There is, however, excess. Effective as some of the flashbacks into Joe Buck's early years are, they become repetitive, and it's all there anyway in Jon Voight's boisterous playing of the role. A series of TV channel switches makes an artificial comment that is not needed. And, though visually exciting, an "underground filming" party is not only not new, but falsely glamorizes what in reality is a dreadfully dreary scene. Luckily, the performances Schlesinger extracts keep the film on a high, taut level. Hoffman emerges with top honors, proving that his heady debut in *The Graduate* was no fluke, but Voight makes it clear his is an exciting new talent. Fine performances are also given by Sylvia Miles as the over-sexed Park Avenue lady, and by Brenda Vaccaro as a bemused socialite willing to try out the Texas stud. The virtuosity throughout is stunning; remarkably, Schlesinger has also given some depth to his study of an American wild side.

"That's the sixth piccolo you lost this month."

The world we're taken into by *Popi* is both more real and less real than that of *Midnight Cowboy*. Arthur Hiller, the director, filmed his wry comedy in actual Spanish Harlem and Miami locations, but for him it is all too familiar: the squalor, the crying need for housing, alleviation of poverty, education, human dignity. These points are made through humor, but it is never sick, and the balance is maintained by Alan Arkin, whose show it pretty much is. He's a Puerto Rican-American widower, faced with the problem of raising two small boys. He struggles with three handyman jobs in a wistful almost Chaplinesque manner, until reaching the near end of endurance he decides he must have his boys adopted.

His harebrained scheme is to have them be picked up in a small boat off Miami—ostensibly as Cuban refugees. As political refugees they will be entitled to advantages they couldn't possibly get as refugees merely from Spanish Harlem. Hiller works several stops ranging from hilarious slapstick through close to outrageous sentimentality, and while the lesson he wants to teach is clear he makes it seem an afterthought. Alan Arkin is a continual delight, Rita Moreno adds zest and charm, and the two Puerto Rican boys seem to be having the time of their lives in their squalid little apartment. Tina and Lester Pine, who wrote the screenplay, have fashioned what is badly needed: a refreshing, contemporary comedy.

A sorry disappointment though, is *Laughter in the Dark*, made by Tony Richardson from Vladimir Nabokov's early novel. Almost everything about it seems wrong, from Nicol Williamson's fishy playing of a wealthy art dealer caught in the erotic web of a movie usheress to the substitution of deadpan seriousness for Nabokov's atmospheric irony. Anna Karina as the usheress is not only overage, but gives one of the worst performances in her already lackluster career. Richardson even takes sex much too seriously in these complaisant cinematic times, and the laughter in the dark theater has a way of coming at all the wrong places. Richard Burton was thrown off the movie by Richardson, and lucky for him.

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—*Photos from Austrian Information Services.*

"Vienna wouldn't be Vienna without The Opera."

SR: RECORDINGS

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One Hundred Years of the Opera On the "Ring"—1869-1969

By ILSA BAREA

This is not the centenary of opera in Vienna, or of Viennese opera. It is the centenary of the architectural shell nowadays called the Vienna State Opera or, more popularly, *The* Opera, as if there were no other in the city. It was inaugurated with the pomp and circumstance of the period on May 25, 1869, under the name of the Imperial-Royal Court Opera Theater, k. k. Hofoperntheater, with a gala performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* in its German guise "Don Juan." After the collapse of the Hapsburg Empire, it was taken over by the new, small, impoverished Austrian Republic as one of the best legacies in a sadly mixed inheritance. After all, it had long since belonged not to the Imperial Court but to the Viennese.

Toward the very end of the last war, on March 12, 1945, the Opera House was hit by bombs and gutted, all but the main front, the great staircase, and the foyer. The building burned for two days. For the next ten days, all through the time of the city's struggle for bare existence, opera was played in the old Theater an der Wien, where *Fidelio* had its premiere. Eventually, however, the Government decided to rebuild the Opera House, with Marshall Plan assistance and the help of a levy borne by the population. Rarely has a measure which put a financial burden on the people met with so ready a response. The building was externally reconstructed on its former pattern,

On May 26, 1969, Josef Krips conducted a performance in the Vienna Opera of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* with which the theater was opened a hundred years before. Ilsa Barea is the author of *Vienna*, an authoritative text on the great Danubian city, published in 1966 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

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down to every decorative detail. To a Viennese this seemed—unless he or she were a convinced anti-traditionalist—a natural, though not exactly rational, decision. The Opera in its accustomed shape had become a symbol of resurrection, of continuity. It was no contradiction that the interior was simplified in color and line, though discussion raged about the success of the change. On November 5, 1955, the Opera was reopened—with *Fidelio*.

Many of the privileged 2,000-odd who attended the festive reopening still speak with a kind of awed emotion of the vast crowd standing outside the Opera, excluded from the festival and yet sharing in it. I have talked, too, with some of those who stood outside. What they expressed, on looking back, was pride mixed with self-mockery. They had helped to pay for the whole to-do, hadn't they? And even if they couldn't get in then, and couldn't afford a ticket to the place more than once a year now, it was still their Opera as well.

The outline of the Opera House story hints at the affection in which the building is held by the Viennese. It cannot, however, prove anything about the importance operatic music has for them. Has it any genuine importance still, outside a qualified minority? The usual clichés about Vienna are not helpful. What does it mean if the highly influential music editor of a daily paper writes that beyond any doubt the State Opera is "the heart" of Vienna? He comes nearer to reality when he says (and here I agree with him) that "a Viennese loves his Opera even if he never, or hardly ever, sets foot in it." This collective love for a stately public building, and by implication for the art it serves, is an odd fact. It is doubtful whether it has much to do with esthetic appreciation and with music. It has far more to do with a popular tradition that goes back over three centuries and has created a stereotyped attitude. But even stereotyped attitudes can be meaningful.

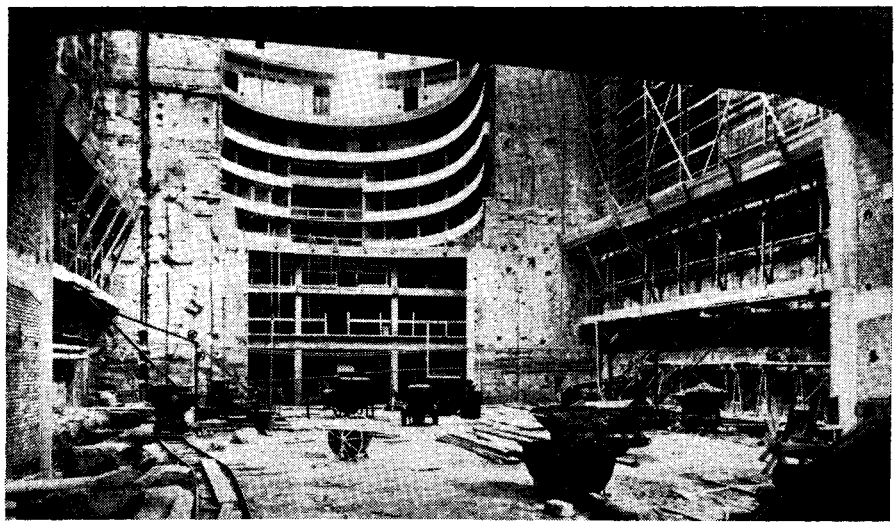
It all started with an emperor's toy. In 1659, Leopold I set up next to his castle a temporary building in which to stage operas in the Venetian style for his own greater glory. The sumptuous performances for the Court became public shows as well. It was in this period—in the wake of the Thirty Years War, at the peak of Austria's forcible re-Catholicization, and in between outbreaks of the plague—that the citizens of Vienna were particularly susceptible to the symbols of Virtue and Power, Misfortune and Redemption clothed in harmony on an unreal baroque stage. Even a skeptical historian has to believe, on the strength of contemporary witnesses, that the houses and lanes of the old walled city overflowed with music. Broadly, the musicality of the Viennese people was rooted in folk song and church music —melody and polyphony. Meanwhile, the popular theater gave them a taste for fairy-tale plots and characters, for blatant fiction and illusion. All of it conditioned them for an understanding of the operatic conventions then emerging.

By the middle of the eighteenth century, the more affluent Viennese had access to two court theaters where they could see drama, ballet, and opera, Italian or French troupes, and, soon, the first German light operas. A social split began to show: High society preferred the Italian style and Italian librettos, the new middle classes preferred German texts and German singers, although topped by Italian stars. The constant crises of opera management and the disputes about opera policy roused the fervid interest of a public not identical with music lovers. (This has remained unchanged to this day.) The first of Gluck's revolutionary ballets and operas was staged in one of the Court theaters, and so too, half a generation later, was Mozart's *Seraglio*, with the German libretto Emperor Joseph II had called for. In short, a growing Viennese public, including the social elite, learned to listen to and appraise operas of every style and tradition, even before the great century of opera, the nineteenth, had begun.

Two events in the early part of the last century did more than any others to create in the Viennese that feeling of proud ownership in "their" Opera House, which survives as an apparent anachronism in our changed and changing world. The first was the exclusive dedication of the larger Court theater to opera performances; it was the Theater an der Kärntnertor ("Theater next to the Carinthian Gate"), on the site at the back of the present State Opera which the famous Hotel Sacher now occupies. Until then the greatest, and most experimental, premieres had belonged to suburban private theaters, above all those of *The Magic Flute* and *Fidelio*.

As soon as opera was given its official home and temple, it shaped its ensemble of singers, its orchestra, its permanent conductors, and an audience of subscribers who considered themselves the arbiters of artists, programs, and directors. During Metternich's authoritarian regime, until 1848, even opera librettos were subjected to a stringent censorship, but press criticism of the Opera's management was left comparatively free, although the highest Court officials were responsible for it. It was taken for granted that the Court Exchequer covered the customary deficit. The money came out of taxes, but this was accepted—as it is now, when a Republican administration foots the bill, a large bill. Thus, it is a tradition of more than a hundred years' standing that the Vienna Opera is maintained and financed by the State on behalf of the city and the nation. On the other hand, and this too is relevant, the population has come to feel that it has a stake in it, a right to criticize, to be informed by the press, and to reject or applaud every change in personnel and in administrative policy.

The second event of lasting importance that occurred in the Metternich era was the formation of the Philharmonic Orchestra. The members of the Opera's orchestra, professional musicians at a time when talented amateurs dominated the concerts, started to give "Philharmonic Concerts" mainly de-



"Hit by bombs and gutted, all but the main front, the great staircase, and the foyer." View from the substage as restoration was in progress.

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voted to symphonies. They set a new standard, and the craftsmanship they refined in the rehearsals for concert performances was carried back into the orchestra pit at the Opera. In their capacity of "Philharmonics" they were free to follow their artistic conscience, because they were secure in their existence as members of the permanent staff of the Opera. This combination of freedom and security gave them an envied independence as musicians. The constitution of their orchestral society was, and is, democratic: they elect their conductor, who may, or may not, be the same as their conductor-director at the Opera House. Countless anecdotes exist about conflicts between the Philharmoniker and famous composers, conductors, and directors—about their reluctance to play works in a new musical idiom, about the conservatism they share with the Viennese public. Still, for three prior generations it used to be the ambition of Viennese parents — provided they could afford it — to have a member of the Philharmoniker as teacher for their offspring. It is highly probable that there radiated from these teachers a love for opera, an ambition to understand Beethoven and Brahms, and, not least, an addiction to chamber music and, in particular, strings.

Little of all this may be left, except an inherited climate and a deep-seated conviction that, however international conditions and financial competition may have lowered the prestige of the Opera, the Philharmonic Orchestra at its best is still matchless. It still makes headlines even in the popular press, as much as The Opera itself, and carries the name of Vienna world-wide on its frequent tours.

When the Court Opera house near the Carinthian Gate became too small and old-fashioned, at the height of the building boom that created the new Vienna of a new prosperous middle class, the first great public building erected where the ramparts of the old city had been razed was the new Opera House in a romanticized Renaissance style. Not the university, not Parliament, not the museums, not a new wing to the Imperial castle, not the stock exchange, but the Opera took pride of place on the great boulevard that girdles the inner city, the Ringstrasse. It would be too easy to take this for a sign of Vienna's deep dedication to music. Rather, the decision of the city's officials conformed to the view (held by the educated classes) of Vienna as "the capital of music." It was a collective status symbol. All the same, it had its significance. It showed the accepted priorities, and it showed the hold of the inherited tradition. Also, it marked the beginning of another period in opera staging.

"The interior was simplified in color and line." Audience at the reopening performance of "Fidelio" on November 5, 1955.

For nearly two decades, until the advent of Gustav Mahler as conductor-director in 1897, the productions mirrored the taste of the Viennese Establishment, not only in the choice of operas—Verdi, Wagner, Massenet, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci, Carmen* (a triumph in Vienna after a slow start in Paris), and, by way of contrast, the invasion of the Court Opera by *Die Fledermaus*—but also in the stage décor. It was—in the style of the huge historical canvases then popular—sumptuous, rich, and as glittering as the interior decoration of the house, all red and gold. Only the frescoes in the foyer, and the curtain, were left to speak of earlier, more romantic or more classical layers of taste. In all, the garish vitality of the times found a clarified expression in the productions; to be at an opera premiere had increasing snob value. Still, of its kind and period, the Vienna Court Opera *could* claim to be the foremost in Europe, which flattered the vanity of the great Viennese public and increased its interest in things operatic. Before the solid prosperity was undermined by the restlessness of the turn of the century, the arts had long reflected the change, in painting, in literature, in music outside Vienna and inside. The Court Opera with its marvelous voices and orchestra was left behind—still much to the general taste, though—as a monument among the monumental buildings along the Ring boulevard. It was vivified by Gustav Mahler, who wrought a revolution in production and musicianship by bringing not only his highly personal, sensitive, and exacting insight to the music of other composers, but also the new feeling for light and color that had come with the Expressionist painters. Those who heard him conduct and saw the stage devised by his collaborator Alfred Roller told the next generation —my own—of the way in which Mahler dissolved the dense masses of sound and shape, making them transparent and vibrant. Perhaps for the last time, the Vienna Opera housed an ensemble inspired by the vision of a musical leader who was able to concentrate in many performances the intense, unquiet sense of contemporary life. Enough filtered through to the mass of Viennese (interested in the Opera without being regular operagoers) to give them an idea of this exciting creative center and to touch their own humdrum existence.

Gustav Mahler left the Vienna Opera in 1907. Nothing since, not the era of Richard Strauss as director, or that of Herbert von Karajan with all its storms and spots of international glamour, has come near that image of artistic wholeness. The State Opera has turned into a precious and costly heirloom. The prosperous, cultured upper-middle class of the decades before the First World War has gone; tourist trade considerations are occupying the foreground. And yet, there is still a special feeling for the Opera in Vienna. Every month, the cultural department of the powerful Trade Union Confederation buys for its members half the tickets of one or two performances at the Opera, and could sell far more if prices had not risen to heights unmanageable for average wage-earners. Verdi and Mozart are preferred by them.

I attempted a quiet Gallup Poll recently among my nonintellectual acquaintances. Some said they never went to the Opera, because it "wasn't the place where they felt at home," while others thought prices should come down; however, none resented the taxpayers' money invested in the institution. All said it should be maintained, because Vienna wouldn't be Vienna without The Opera.

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ELLINGTON AT THE WHITE HOUSE

—*The Washington Post.*

"In the royalty of American music, no man swings more or stands higher than the Duke."

By STANLEY DANCE

In the two weeks before the much-publicized White House dinner at which President Richard M. Nixon presented him with the Medal of Freedom in observation of his seventieth birthday, Duke Ellington's normally exacting routine had the additional urgencies of satisfying the national and foreign press, radio, and TV. He gave the considerable time they required with varying degrees of cheerfulness and patience, in varying attire, in varying situations, and in varying positions. Some of the more self-important reporters could not believe that an interview could take place with their subject lying on his back in bed, facing the headboard, his feet high on the wall in front of him. Whatever the effect on the circulation, the reversed posture seemed to have a stimulating effect on the conversation.

Special TV and radio programs were also made for European networks. The BBC filmed him at the piano in the trophy room of his New York offices, where the walls are lined with cups, plaques, awards, and significant memorabilia. The Danish Broadcasting Corporation caught him at work in National's big new record studio, where he was trying out vehicles for his new singer, Shirley Witherspoon.

In between these activities, and desperate attempts to keep dentists' appointments ("It's the root-and-canal man's turn today!"), he repeatedly turned to his piano and a major concern, the music for a provocative film called *Change of Mind*. In hotel suites, there would always be an electric piano capable of soft-toned utterance during the night. "You have to write it down when it comes to you," he said. "You can remember the notes the next day, but not the values and rhythm." The music was no sooner written, and the parts of the score copied, than it had to be heard, and where better than in the record studio again? This, in fact, has been his practice for many years: to record new music, to take home a reference tape for consideration, and to revise the next day if necessary.

In this case, an unusual band was gathered together, for his regular group was supposedly enjoying a layoff, and several of its members were far from New York. The backbone remained, however, and it was satisfactorily reinforced with veterans from the Count Basie and Earl Hines bands. "Are you sober?" he asked with mock fierceness as one wayward musician entered the studio a little late. "I understand you were all 'tore up' yesterday." The music included several items originally recorded in the Thirties. "Wanderlust" was a down blues for the "visit to Soulville." "Creole Rhapsody," revered by the more scholarly Ellington followers as his first "extended" work, was incidentally updated by the sound of the Fender piano that Ellington chose to play it on. "Keep it soft and round-toned," he reminded the four-piece brass section, which, with its foreign elements, was showing some divergence of opinion on tonal values. For the nightclub scene there was "What Good Am I Without You?" and this occasioned another gentle directive: "This is a love song, boys, played with heart." For the opening hospital sequence in an operating theater, there was original dissonant writing that required accuracy to be effective; so after tentative attempts at an "ensemble" statement, each man was required to play his part separately, paying particular attention to time. When they all played together again, the music was immediately satisfactory, and the leader indicated appreciation by finishing the session with a kind of *feu de joie*, an up-tempo piano solo accompanied only by bass and drums.

The transitions he makes and the pace he maintains in music have their counterparts in his social life. Seeing him—on the steps of his Washington hotel, on time for his appointment with the President, but concerned about transportation for his party—was to be reminded of his evenness of temper and of the nearest comparable occasion, when he was presented to Queen Elizabeth II at the Leeds Festival in 1958.

At the White House, Duke and his sister Ruth were received by President and Mrs. Nixon on the second floor, where the President showed his guests the private quarters and demonstrated the stereo equipment. Meanwhile, the dinner guests were gathering in the Cross Hall as the Marine Band played. Among them were Ellington's son, Mercer, his daughter-in-law, his two grandchildren, and a nephew who had flown in from London that day. There, too, were three of the people on whom he most relies: Dr. Arthur Logan, his physician; Harry Carney, who has been a member of his band for more than

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forty years; and Thomas L. Whaley, choirmaster, copyist, and arranger. Besides government officials and Ellington's personal friends, a formidable cross section of the music profession included Harold Arlen, Mrs. Bill Basie (the Count was, unfortunately, in Europe), Dave Brubeck, Cab Calloway, Billy Eckstine, Dizzy Gillespie, Richard Rodgers, and the two "jazz priests," Father Norman O'Connor and Pastor John Gensel. Ellington's performances in churches and cathedrals also explained the presence of prominent clerics from New York, Toledo, and San Francisco.

When the President and Mrs. Nixon had made an elegant descent of the grand staircase with Ellington and his sister (the two ladies wore shades of pale green, which by good fortune did not clash), the four of them stood in a reception line to greet the guests. The passage to the dining room was then somewhat delayed as Ellington greeted each of his intimates with four kisses, two on each cheek, according to his custom.

Inside the state dining room, the company was seated at round tables, husbands and wives being separated from one another. The President, with Ruth Ellington on his right, was joined by, among others, Benny Goodman, singer Lou Rawls, and Dizzy Gillespie, the last of whom reportedly took the opportunity to speak to the President about conditions in South Carolina, where he was born. At the opposite table, Ellington and Mrs. Nixon had the company of Billy Eckstine and Richard Rodgers.

At Table Eleven, Daniel P. Moynihan, assistant to the President, discussed books and publishing with Mahalia Jackson, while the veteran Thomas L. Whaley explained the peculiarities of the music business to Mrs. George Shultz, wife of the Secretary of Labor. The Reverend Bryant Kirkland, who was much responsible for the presentation of Ellington's *Sacred Concert* at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, got an affirmative answer to the suggestion that Miss Jackson should sing there. And how had she enjoyed recording that Columbia album with Duke Ellington?

"He didn't rehearse me nothin'," she replied forthrightly. "He said, 'Just open the Bible and sing!' "

At that moment a dozen or so violinists of the Marine Band came briskly into the room. Taking up positions among the tables, they created an exhilarating effect with performances of some of Ellington's most famous compositions.

In proposing the toast, the President spoke warmly of the guest of honor's Washington background, and Ellington concluded an urbane reply on a note of simple, moving sincerity. "There is no place I would rather be tonight," he said, "except in my mother's arms."

After dinner, and after a hundred more guests had been welcomed, the Medal of Freedom was presented in the East Room. Reading the recipient's name, the President paused humorously after "Edward Kennedy," drew a big laugh, and concluded with "Ellington." "In the royalty of American music," he added, "no man swings more or stands higher than the Duke."

Ellington showed his gratitude characteristically by kissing the surprised President twice on each cheek. Then he recited the four freedoms by which his friend and writing colleague, the late Billy Strayhorn, had lived: "Freedom from hate unconditionally; freedom from self-pity; freedom from the fear of doing something that would help someone else more than it does me; and freedom from the kind of pride that makes me feel I am better than my brother."

"It did occur to me," the President said, returning to the bandstand, "that one number was missing from the program. Please don't go away. And everybody sing, please—in the key of G." Then he sat down at the imposing, eagle-legged Steinway and proceeded to play a very positive version of "Happy Birthday," as everyone sang heartily and joyfully.

The concert that followed was produced by the Voice of America's Willis Conover, who acted as MC. The hand-picked band, representative of the profession at large, consisted of Clark Terry and Bill Berry, both formerly with Ellington (trumpets); Urbie Green and J. J. Johnson (trombones); Paul Desmond (alto saxophone); Gerry Mulligan (baritone saxophone); Hank Jones (piano); Jim Hall (guitar); Milt Hinton (bass); and Louis Bellson (drums). The ninety-minute program was made up entirely of numbers written by or closely associated with Ellington, and the unusual instrumentation often revealed unsuspected qualities in the material. Without ever seeming to exert himself, Terry established an easy authority that dominated the ensemble. The President was apparently much taken by his use of the plunger mute.

Three pianists appeared as guests. Billy Taylor played a medley that introduced the seldom-heard "All Too Soon"; Dave Brubeck played "Things Ain't What They Used to Be" with assistance from Desmond and Mulligan; and Earl Hines brought the concert to its peak in three thrilling choruses of "Perdido." Such excited, shouted approval as greeted this performance can seldom have been heard in the White House before.

The first of two singers was Mary Mayo, singing "A Prelude to a Kiss," "I Didn't Know About You," and "Praise God" from the *Sacred Concert*. Joe Williams brought depth and conviction to "Come Sunday" and "Heritage." After these, he gave the concert a swinging climax with "Jump for Joy," the lyrics of which, written in 1941 but as relevant today as then, were wittily expressive of the composer's social philosophy.

After Willis Conover had introduced each musician individually, and Ellington had risen from his chair to bow or blow kisses as each name was called, the President returned to the microphone and said he felt they ought to hear from at least one more pianist.

"It is the greatest compliment ever paid me," Ellington replied, "to suggest that I am eligible to follow such talent as we have heard tonight. However, I am of a somewhat courageous nature, and I shall pick a name, and see if I can improvise on it, something very gentle and graceful—something like Pat."

His improvisation at slow tempo was indeed gentle and graceful, with serene melodic and harmonic qualities not entirely to be grasped at one hearing, as is so often the case with his piano solos.

It was now after midnight, and, to general surprise, the President announced that refreshments would be served in the adjacent hall while preparations were made for a jam session in the East Room. After the President and Mrs. Nixon retired, Ellington listened to Vice President Agnew play *his* Ellington favorites on the Marine Band's piano.

Friends from his Chicago years, meanwhile, converged on Earl Hines to congratulate him. Mahalia Jackson, who had been excited by his "Perdido," embraced him and reminded him of when he tried to get her to sing blues. Billy Eckstine, whom Hines originally brought to fame, came to bestow a jazz encomium.

"You *dirty* old man," he said admiringly. "I told Lou Rawls one number was all you needed. 'Let him alone and you'll see,' I said. And one number did it!"

Hines was called to participate in the jam session, but he begged off because he was leaving for a South American tour in a few hours. There was no shortage of pianists, however. At one time or another, Willie "The Lion" Smith, George Wein, Marian McPartland, Dave Brubeck, Billy Taylor, *and* Duke Ellington took their places at the

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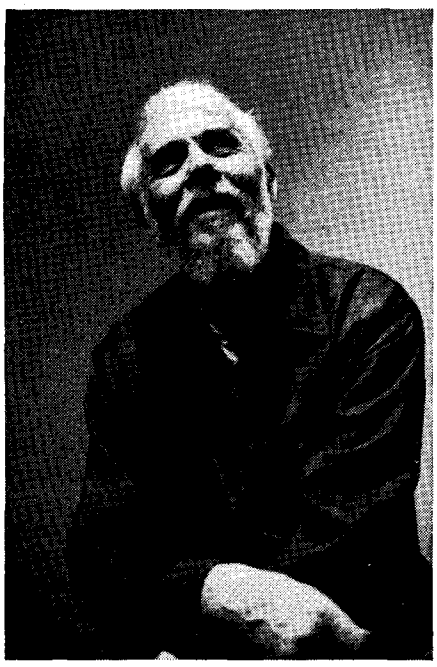
Recordings in Review



—Columbia Records.
Harry Partch—"exponent of a highly sophisticated musical primitivism."

The Sound of Harry Partch

PARTCH: *Daphne of the Dunes; Barstow; Castor and Pollux. Danlee Mitchell conducting an ensemble consisting of Harry Partch, adapted viola; and Frank Berberich, Gary Coleman, Dean Drummond, Richard Lapore, John McAllister, Robert McCormick, Todd Miller, Emil Richards, Michael Ranta, and Linda Schell.* Columbia stereo, MS 7207, $5.98.

Though Harry Partch has long been known as an exponent of a highly sophisticated musical primitivism, experience of his work has been hard to come by save for those living in the San Francisco Bay area, where he was born and made his home. Two discs of his pieces have been included in the Composers' Recordings series, but these are the first that have been produced in a generally available form, and they are likely to have more than a little public favor.

Unlike those experimenters who have spent their time (like John Cage) in making familiar instruments do unfamiliar things, Partch has invested considerable time and study in devising instruments of his own on which to realize the fantasy of sound in his mind. Included among them are glass bowls suspended in a cluster of "clouds," a collection of gourds which he calls a "tree," a bank of bamboo marimba tubes, another composed of electric light bulbs in various sizes and colors properly designated a "Mazda" marimba, and even a viola (adapted for performance in a cello position) on which Partch himself operates.

What he has put them to work on in the two most engaging pieces of this disc (*Daphne of the Dunes* and *Castor and Pollux*) has a readily recognizable sound analogy in the Javanese gamelan—save that Partch's vibratory patterns are both more delicate and more gentle (though they can develop a good deal of urgency, as *Daphne of the Dunes* demonstrates), highly systematized to introduce contrast and variety (as in the viola patches of *Daphne*, an interruptory chime, etc.) in a kind of rondo of pulsations. Now and then a primitive chant-like tune creeps in, but it is the repetitious rhythmic impulse which settles in on the ear and makes itself welcome—for a while at least.

The subtitle of *Barstow* (an oasis for travelers crossing the Mohave Desert), which describes it as "Eight Hitchhiker Inscriptions from a Highway Railing," indicates both its programmatic purpose and a reason why it is less successful than the other matter of this disc. The chanting of such phrases as "Today I am a Man," "I Wish I Were Dead," "Brown Eyes, Brown Hair, Aged Nineteen" tends to become confused in the background of aural clatter—though it is conceivable that this is part of Partch's purpose. If so, it is as handsomely realized by the ensemble under Mitchell's direction as the delicacies of *Daphne of the Dunes* and *Castor and Pollux*. The technicians under the direction of John McClure are as much entitled to credit for the highly audible (and laudable) outcome as conductor Mitchell.

Krenn, Moore, and Schubert

SCHUBERT: *"Beim Winde"; "Der Jüngling an der Quelle"; "An eine Quelle"; "An die untergehende Sonne"; "Geheimnis. An Franz Schubert"; "An die Laute"; "An mein Clavier"; "Trost im Liede"; "Die Götter Griechenlands"; "Die erste Liebe"; "Das Rosenband"; "Sprache der Liebe"; "Versunken"; "An die Entfernte"; "Heimliches Lieben"; "An die Nachtigall"; "Vom Mitleiden Mariä"; and "Epistel an den Assessor Spaun in Linz." Werner Krenn, tenor; with Gerald Moore, piano.* London stereo, OS 26063, $5.98.

Werner Krenn has a beautiful tenor voice (not too large in sound, but ample for a lieder singer), high standards of musicianship (he was a professional bassoonist before deciding to make a career as a vocalist), and an attractive facility in enunciating the texts of what he sings. He is, however, not yet possessed of the experience, the expressivity, or the command of contrast required for the full realization of the ambitious project outlined above.

As the Schubert-indoctrinated reader will observe, there are scarcely any familiar titles among the eighteen enumerated: "Der Jüngling an der Quelle," "An die Laute," "Das Rosenband," one or two others. This, however, does not automatically guarantee an absorbing experience. I would not necessarily contradict the statement in Erik Smith's able annotation — "without reaching the intensity of the greatest songs of the last years, they are all beautiful"—but the beauty may be of a quieter, less accessible order than is *typical* of Schubert, and thus be a greater task for a singer of Krenn's limited experience than serves his interests best. It would, for instance, be of some interest to know how often he has sung all of the material on this disc, or whether he learned some for the purpose of the recording.

Save for the compulsive Schubert collector, the average music lover would be deprived of a really rewarding experience were he only to miss knowing "Geheimnis" (which is a setting *by* Schubert of a tribute *to* him from Johann Mayrhofer), "Die Götter Griechenlands" (a Schiller poem), "Versunken" (text by Goethe), "Heimliches Lieben," and "Epistel." The last of these is a rare musical instance of the Schubert who indulged in such social pranks as playing his "Erlkönig" through a comb with tissue paper wrapped around it. It is a "recitative" and "aria" berating his long-time friend Josef von Spaun for not writing to those he left behind in Vienna when a job assignment took him to Linz. It ranges through all the conventions of the aria seria, ending with some typical dramatic flourishes of Schubert's.

When Krenn has everything put together (as in "Der Jüngling an der Quelle"), he and Moore make a perfect team. But, all too often, one is deflected from listening to the voice part by the superb artistry of the pianist; not that this is volitional with Moore, but rather because Krenn is in rather too fast company.

Wagner by Carlos Paita

WAGNER: *Prelude and Love-death (Tristan und Isolde); Overtures (Fliegende Holländer and Die Meistersinger). Carlos Paita conducting*

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the New Philharmonia Orchestra. London stereo, SPC 21035, $5.98.

At the risk of abetting what may develop into the greatest publicity buildup in the arts since the effort that launched Tiny Tim, it is necessary to report that this recording of the *Tristan* Prelude and Love-death is the best to be heard in years, on a plane of musical perfection and emotional eloquence rarely heard since the passing of Furtwängler, Knappertsbusch, Beecham, and the other great names of this literature (not excluding Toscanini). In it, among other things, is an almost complete adherence to Wagner's repeated injunctions: *"Nicht eilen"* ("Do not rush"), *"Ohne zu eilen"* ("Without rushing"), *"Sehr allmählich zurückhalten"* ("Very gradually held back"), which are often ignored by some who think they know the composer's mind better than he did. This, of itself, means little: for a performance can be both correct and dull. It is to Paita's great credit that he can be both correct and exciting.

For those who think they may have missed several boats in not even knowing the name of a conductor good enough to evoke this kind of accolade, be it noted that this listener was in a similar state of ignorance prior to the arrival of, and attention to, this disc. Paita is described as a musician of mixed Hungarian and Italian stock, born in Argentina in 1932. His idol, I note, was Furtwängler, whom he heard at the Colon in the early Fifties. Sundry small activities led to German engagements in the mid-Sixties, and then to a Brussels concert in June 1968, which resulted in this recording. So much appears to be sound and straightforward. But we are also regaled with tales of his "wild" temperament, and unconventional podium behavior, which should be reserved (along with the candid pictures of his recreative turmoil) for people who lack Paita's kind of ability. He doesn't need it.

Among the uncommon distinctions of Paita's conducting of the *Tristan* excerpts is a knowledge of Wagner's score so complete that no note is denied its predestined part in the musical totality. This extends to an infinitely subtle "slipping in" of a chromatic here, a contrapuntal line there, which makes for a much more variegated pattern of sound than is commonly heard in this score, and practically never from a conductor of Paita's limited reputation (save, perhaps, when his name was Jonel Perlea).

The two overtures on Side 2 are also possessively performed, if not on the level of distinction Paita attains in the *Tristan* music. Here, again, he re-

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A Treasure of Wolf

WOLF: *Penthesilea; Italian Serenade. The Vienna Symphony conducted by Otto Gerdes. Der Feuerreiter. Chorus and orchestra directed by Gerdes. "Mignon"; "Gebet"; "Neue Liebe"; and "Wo find ich Trost." Evelyn Lear, soprano; with orchestra conducted by Gerdes. Harfenspieler I, II, and III; and "Prometheus." Thomas Stewart, baritone; with orchestra conducted by Gerdes.* DGG stereo, 139 426/27, $11.96 (two discs).

No admirer of Hugo Wolf — and there are perhaps more of them in the world today than at any time past—can contemplate the works enumerated above without framing (silently or aloud) a fervent "At last." Had there been no Hugo Wolf concert in the Grosser Musikvereinssaal in Vienna on September 25, 1968, there would, in all probability, still be no recording of *Penthesilea*, no new *Feuerreiter*, no recordings with the instrumental elements in their orchestral form of "Kennst du das Land," the *Harfenspieler* songs, etc. Thanks then are owing in equal measure to the Central Savings Bank of Vienna, whose improbable patronage made the concert possible, and to Deutsche Grammophon for perpetuating the results.

Doubtless, the interested parties will gravitate first of all to *Penthesilea*, which has been barely more than a legend for even the best informed. A product of 1883-85, when Wolf was dividing his time uneasily between composing and writing reviews for the *Wiener Salonblatt*, it clearly strives to accomplish more, in its tonal parallel to Bernd Kleist's drama about the Amazon Queen and her encounter with Achilles, than Wolf was capable of at twenty-three, -four, and -five. Some of its material is striking — especially the portions portraying Penthesilea's dreams of "the feast of roses" in her native Themiscyra—but the outburst set up by Wolf to depict the combat of the Queen and Achilles is, perhaps, the wildest bit of orchestral clamor short of Liszt's *Hunnenschlacht*. The allusion to Liszt is by no means unintentional, for much of Wolf's procedure here relates to that composer's tone poems and the suggestions for illustration of literary material that they contain.

In his excellent commentary, Erik Werba does not allude to the famous episode in which Hans Richter directed a run-through of *Penthesilea* in Vienna, at the end of which the orchestra broke into laughter, and the conductor observed (in the composer's presence): "I should not have let the piece be played to the end, but I wanted to see for myself the man who dares to write in such a way about *Meister* Brahms" (a reference to such printed comments of Wolf as "whoever can swallow this pianoforte concerto [No. 2 in B flat] with relish may look forward with equanimity to a famine"). Having now heard a well-prepared performance of *Penthesilea*, the effect it might make when sight-read is easier to grasp.

Of the other material, the least likely to be generally familiar is the marvelously imaginative setting of Eduard Mörike's *Der Feuerreiter* for chorus and orchestra, almost as much a rarity on records as it is in the concert hall. (It also exists for solo voice and piano.) Even in the current Schwann, which indexes *Penthesilea* and the Italian Serenade individually, *Der Feuerreiter* does not show up in the listings under Wolf. It is an instance of Wolf's feverish mind at its most inflamed, and the performance is very much to the credit of Gerdes and the chorus. The Italian Serenade (also in its orchestral version) is cleanly performed if not with all the capricious humor it contains.

So far as the performances of the great songs for which Wolf made the instrumentations of the piano parts himself, there is a much more considerable gap between what is offered and what is required. Both Lear and Stewart are intelligent performers, with a sensitive understanding of the contents of such songs as "Gebet" or "Prometheus." But neither has yet achieved the authority, artistic stature, or sheer capacity for projection that are essential for a successful solution of the poetic and musical problems.

Miss Lear fares better in the quieter passages of "Gebet" than she does with the impassioned phrases Wolf invented for Mignon's *"Dahin! dahin! Möcht, ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn!"* but for Stewart there are no quieter passages. There is, rather, a constant sense of strain in his effort to build the sound required, a rather rough vocal quality with too little of the resonance wanted. The recording is admirably clear, but the voices have been given undue prominence relative to the orchestra.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G. Eugene Istomin, piano; with The Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. Columbia stereo, MS 7199, $5.98.	Good as this performance is technically, there is a little too much of the willful and arbitrary in it for my taste. Among the characteristics to which this applies are an overdeliberate tempo at the start, which tends to give the music a *pesante* rather than poetic quality; a tendency away from the intimacy of style and dynamics that have generally produced the best results; and a rather sectionalized way of phrasing on Istomin's part that breaks the line too often and makes for a series of interrupted statements rather than the consecutive discourse that is	inherent in the music. Also, the slow movement begins with an exaggerated statement by the orchestra, no doubt to dramatize the "dialogue" that follows; but it tends to replace the subtle with the obvious. In the *Vivace*, which is on the whole well conceived, Istomin is inclined to little accents and alterations of dynamics not provided in the score. If some of them may be rated "unforbidden options," the outcome is, by my taste, too highly seasoned, a somewhat overspiced treatment of Beethoven's recipe.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 in E flat. Robert Casadesus, piano; with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw conducted by Hans Rosbaud. Odyssey stereo, 32 16 0326, $2.98.	This release will not mean so much for the reputation of Casadesus, who is giving public performances of equal quality at present, as it will on behalf of the late Hans Rosbaud's. Even for those who remember him as a practically peerless master of the contemporary idioms until his death in 1962, the impelling, incisive direction he provides is something of a surprise in the repertory. The outcome is a big, sonorous *Emperor* with the two principals in close accord on the size and	the substance of the music they want to produce, and the Concertgebouw the ideal instrument for the purpose. (That applies both to the orchestra and to the fine auditorium from which it takes its name.) Taken altogether, it is an *Emperor* worthy of serious consideration vis-à-vis any others, regardless of the budget price. (Late word is that it was circulated previously on the Continent, but has had no prior release in this country.)
Berlioz: *Harold in Italy.* Walter Trampler, viola; with Georges Prêtre conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3075, $5.98.	Walter Trampler is an oddity among interpreters of the solo part of this work in that he does not strive for the largest possible viola sound, but rather for one that is exceptional in its focus, point, and expressivity. Its uncommon purity and vibrance make it an ideal embodiment for his narrative purpose, in which he is less a virtuoso extolling his own	abilities vis-à-vis Berlioz's score than a personification of Harold himself, brooding, exulting, reacting to the events as they happen. Together with the vivid and apposite conducting of Prêtre, this takes precedence over any other current version as a way of hearing this music. It is straightforward, sensible, and full of finesse, as well as excellently reproduced.
Schoenberg: Concerto for Piano (Op. 42). Peter Serkin, piano; with Seiji Ozawa conducting the Chicago Symphony. Five Piano Pieces (Op. 23). Serkin, piano. Fantasy (Op. 47). Arnold Steinhardt, violin; with Peter Serkin, piano. RCA stereo, LSC 3050, $5.98.	The most impressive attribute of this exposition, by what might be called the third generation of Schoenberg interpreters, is the tactile resource Peter Serkin summons to press home the points of interest he discerns in these works. The variation of colors and sonorities he commands makes an absorbing effect on its own, whether in the context of the assigned notational sequences or otherwise. Ozawa is at one with him in his direction of the orchestra with the result	that the work emerges as less austere and forbidding than in most previous encounters. This, however, does not mean that it conveys a greater total of intelligibility or substance. The lines go up and the lines go down, but the tracks do not—for me, at least—make a connection. Serkin is also a persuasive spokesman for the Five Piano Pieces, a creation of 1923. The late Fantasy is less rigorous, more flowing. Excellent performances all.
Telemann: Concerto Grosso in D (three trumpets, two oboes, timpani, and strings); Concerto in D for horn and strings; Concerto in B flat for three oboes and three violins; Concerto in D for violin concertato. Eugene Ormandy conducting members of The Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3057, $5.98.	As with Vivaldi, it is not always possible to tell whether one has heard a work of Telemann previously or not—the staying power is somewhat less than adhesive. There is, however, a considerable amount of pleasurable content in these fine performances by first-chair men of Ormandy's orchestra, especially in the Concerto executed with legendary skill by Mason Jones, and the final one of the four in which Norman Carol has the *concertato* part, with Gilbert Johnson, trumpet, and Samuel Mayes, cello *obbligato*. The last of these is particularly revealing for it traverses more than a little of the same ground as (paradoxically!) the opening section of Handel's	*Water Music*. But what is *character* in Handel's use of the fanfares and rhythms is but sonority in Telemann's. Likewise, when he falls into violin phraseologies similar to some utilized by Bach in the "Chaconne," for example, the notes are the same but the context is quite another matter. In addition to the players named previously, the soloists include Seymour Rosenfeld, trumpet; John de Lancie, oboe; Charles M. Morris and Stevens Hewitt, oboes; David Madison and William de Pasquale, violins; also William Smith, harpsichord; and Roger M. Scott, bass. Very clean, vibrant recording.
Wagner: Overtures to *Flying Dutchman* and *Rienzi; Siegfried Idyll;* "Venusberg Music" from *Tannhäuser*. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting the Vienna Symphony. Turnabout stereo, TV 34246, $2.50.	The variable quality of the results achieved by Sawallisch and the Vienna Symphony might lead to a negative verdict and a cessation of interest were one to start, as I did, with the "Venusberg Music" from *Tannhäuser*. This is hardly an excerpt in the customary sense, and separated from the preceding overture, it is no easy matter to make interesting. In addition, the Vienna Symphony is hardly possessed of the virtuoso strings to make Wagner's scampering figures into darting lines of interest on their own. However, the succeeding *Siegfried Idyll* is better suited to the players (if	not necessarily to the conductor), and it raises the level of result considerably. Sawallisch moves into areas of real distinction in the two early overtures on the other side of the disc. This is especially, and unexpectedly, so in the treatment of the *Rienzi* Overture, which can become a noisy extravaganza of sound in the wrong hands. Sawallisch's, however, are the right ones, and the period flavor is savored without being overstressed. The recorded quality is also best in the two overtures, producing a "budget record" of decided interest. —Irving Kolodin.

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Szeryng, Ricci, and Bach

J. S. BACH: *Six Sonatas and Partitas for solo violin,* BWV 1001-1006. Henryk Szeryng, violin. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft 139270/72, stereo, three discs in box, with booklet in German, English, and French, $17.94.

RICCI PLAYS BACH: *Sonatas and Partitas for unaccompanied violin. Ruggiero Ricci, violin.* Decca stereo, DL 710142, DL 710151, and DL 710152, $5.79 each.

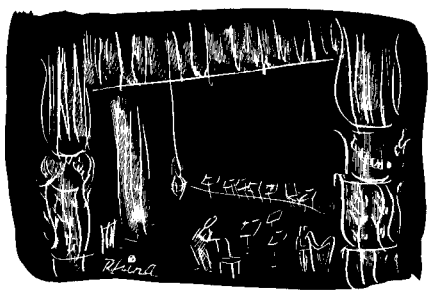
The release of these complete sets comes at a propitious time. At present, the only stereo set listed is the one played by Grumiaux. The Heifetz set is available only on mono. The Milstein recordings are no longer in the catalogue, and older sets by Szigeti, Schneider, Telmanyi, and Schroeder (the last two played with a curved "Bach bow") are collector's items.

Bach completed the autograph almost 250 years ago, in 1720. The title page reads *Sei Soli a Violino senza Basso accompagnato* ("Six Solos for Violin without accompanying Bass"). The collection contains three sonatas and three partitas, each neatly captioned, arranged in alternating sequence. The sonatas follow the baroque pattern of the *sonata da chiesa* or "church sonata": four movements in the order slow—fast (fugal)—slow—fast. The multi-movement partitas belong to the genre of *sonata da camera* or "chamber sonata"—a suite of stylized dances.

One wonders what prompted Bach to compose these six complex works. There was no violinist in Coethen (where he lived at the time) capable of performing them. Bach himself, though originally trained as a violinist, preferred to perform on keyboard instruments. The set may have been intended for Johann Pisendel, the eminent concertmaster in Dresden, whom he had met in 1717. Among Pisendel's own compositions is a single sonata for solo violin, revealing his interest in this genre. In fact, using the violin without accompaniment and exploring its sonorous potentials in double-stops was an old German tradition well known to Bach.

Both Henryk Szeryng and Ruggiero Ricci are widely known as virtuoso violinists of first-rank. Hence, one takes technical excellence for granted, and their Bach playing is indeed technically impeccable. Both artists have made an earnest study of Bach's *Urtext* to insure textual accuracy. As a result, they have eliminated several errors perpetuated in edited versions. Bach's bowings are preserved respectfully, in the case of Ricci almost pedantically. Szeryng's use of *vibrato* is more sparing and more restrained than that of Ricci, whose tone sounds a shade too intense and too nervous. By temperament, Szeryng has more affinity to Bach's style; he is the prototype of the "classical" violinist, while Ricci could be classified as the "romantic" type. Szeryng's interpretation is characterized by controlled intensity and mature balance; he displays an intellectual grasp of the architecture of each movement; his phrasing is chiseled and fastidious, yet warm and imaginative. Ricci's approach is more slashing, more impetuous; he disciplines his fiery temperament, but only to a degree. His interpretation wavers between instinct and intellect, which accounts for a certain unevenness. Szeryng's range of dynamics is more varied, while Ricci prefers to maintain the same dynamic level for long stretches.

Of the six solo works by Bach, the three sonatas are musically weightier than the partitas, and they make greater demands on the interpretative ability of the performer. At the center of each sonata stands the fugue, invariably the most challenging of the four movements. Szeryng excels in the fugues in G minor (Sonata I) and C major (Sonata III). The latter is played with monolithic grandeur and inexorable logic; every detail is molded, every climax carefully prepared. Despite the immense length of the C-major fugue (354 measures as compared to 94 of the G-minor fugue), Szeryng's interpretation never loses tension. Ricci, on the other hand, brings more vitality and vigor to the fugue in A minor (Sonata II); he uses short bow strokes for the theme and conveys an overall impression of sharply defined outlines.



The opening movement of Sonata I is played by Szeryng in a reflective mood, while Ricci is more propulsive. In the introductory "Grave" of Sonata II, Ricci's tone sounds strangely "breathy." As for the opening "Adagio" of Sonata III, it always sounds problematic because of the unavoidable breaking of chords. Both artists struggle manfully with its impossible demands; Szeryng sounds somewhat more convincing.

Among the third movements, the "Siciliano" of Sonata I shows an interesting difference of approach: Szeryng treats it lyrically, while Ricci stresses the dancelike character by accentuating the dotted rhythm. In measure 9, Ricci plays F natural where generations have played F sharp. A quick check of Bach's facsimile proves Ricci to be correct; the "natural" adds an attractive modal touch to the phrase. The incomparable "Andante" of Sonata II is realized superbly by Szeryng; the separation of melody and accompaniment creates the illusion of two instruments. For some reason, Ricci sounds inhibited in this movement.

Bach planned his finales as technical display pieces, yet both artists are careful not to play them as such. As a result, the "Presto" of Sonata I emerges as a rather pedestrian piece with a minimum of variety in bowing and dynamics. The finale of Sonata II is played by Ricci in a *martelé* stroke which soon becomes monotonous, and does not lend itself too well to Bach's echo effects. Szeryng's performance is smoother but hardly more interesting. This movement thrives on dynamic contrasts, as if conceived for the two keyboards of a harpsichord; this effect is not fully realized by either artist. In the finale of Sonata III, Ricci sounds better than Szeryng, whose tone has a slight stridency, as if too closely microphoned.

The three partitas present problems different from those of the sonatas. Each partita is invariably in the same key, and a certain monotony is unavoidable unless the interpreter displays imagination. To omit all second repeats, as Szeryng does, is a simplistic solution. The partitas consist of idealized dances, many of which are light, spirited, and graceful. These elements seem to elude both Szeryng and Ricci. For example, the two "Gigues" (Partita II and III) sound far too heavy, and though Ricci gives the themes more rhythmic profile, the accents are too weighty. The second

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Beethoven: Quartet No. 1 (Op. 18, No. 1). **Mozart:** Quartet in D (K. 499). Allegri Quartet. Westminster stereo, WST 17155, $4.79.	The Allegri Quartet lives up to the implications of its name with a "double allegro" performance of the opening movement of the Beethoven which propels it at a rate a little more than excessive. Doubtless this derives from its designation: *Allegro con brio*—though, again in my view, the fire in *"brio"* is more a matter of momentum than of pace. The quartet, led by Eli Goren, gives a good account of itself throughout, missing few points of importance.	In both the Beethoven and Mozart, though musicianship is a constant undercurrent, there is a little deficiency in quality of sound that keeps the results from comparing with the best from other sources. It could be a question of the instruments utilized, which, though productive of a fairly good quality of sound, do not seem, inherently, of the first class. Reproduction is of typical Westminster quality.
Elgar: Introduction and Allegro; *Sospiri*; Serenade (E minor); *Elegy; The Spanish Lady* (Suite). Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields ensemble. Argo stereo, ZRG 573, $5.95.	There is some richly nourishing Elgar in this collection, and some of the sort more akin to treacle (*Sospiri* and Elegy). The predominant good matter, however, is delivered with relish and sympathy by Marriner. In the Introduction and Allegro, the size of the string group precludes a tonal mass on the order of that Sir John Barbirolli commanded in his version for Angel. Otherwise, it is an accomplishment of much quality. In the instance of the Serenade and the Suite from *The Spanish Lady*, there is no need for qualification, either of the sound or its suitability to what is being performed. The former is, of course, one of Elgar's best ensemble works, and the second—much less familiar—finds him in a typically reflective melodic vein. For those as ignorant of the Spanish Lady's identity as I was prior to reading Diana McVaegh's notes, she is Frances in Ben Jonson's *The Devil Is An Ass*. Elgar was well on the way to making the novel into an opera when he died in 1933. The "Burlesco," "Sarabande," and "Bourrée" are all engagingly melodic and, as they date from many years before, show no sign of late-life imaginative fatigue.
Messiaen: *Quartet for the End of Time.* Erich Gruenberg, violin; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; William Pleeth, cello; and Michel Beroff, piano. Angel stereo, S-36587, $5.98.	This work is as interesting for what it is not as for what it is. The absence of the most familiar kind of Messiaen sound apparatus (large orchestra, Ondes Martenot, etc.) puts thought in the forefront rather than in the background: When the piece is fully on its way, that thought proves to be very much entitled to such prominence, also able to sustain the closer scrutiny thus engendered.	Here, too, is the familiar preoccupation of Messiaen with the ornithological, with the clarinet of de Peyer providing an even larger life-size likeness of a bird than the animal itself could. And the final, dying-away cello solo (beautifully played by William Pleeth) leaves as irresolute a sense of unfinality as the idea of "the end of time" itself.
Pernambuco: "Sons de Carrilhoes." **Savio:** "Impressao de Rua." **Villa-Lobos:** Preludes Nos. 1 and 3. **Lauro:** *Vals Venezolano* (Nos. 1 and 2). **Barrios:** "Danza Paraguaya." **Lecuona:** "La Comparsa." **Fuentes:** "Tu" (Habanera). **Cervantes:** "Contra Danza" (de los tres galopes). **Ponce:** Preludes Nos. 2 and 6. **Borges:** "Vals Venezolano." Ramon Ybarra, guitar. Westminster stereo, WST 17152, $4.79.	A product of the Erato enterprises (in France), this unusual disc is unusual not only in its digression from almost all the customary contents of the many quitar records on the market (its barely familiar content is summed up in the two Villa-Lobos preludes), but also in its manner of performance. Cuban by birth and Venezuelan by descent, Ybarra is not disposed to the effetc effects and mistily delicate sonorities in vogue among some younger guitarists (all right in their place, but that place is not a universal one). He is, rather, given to straightforward melodic statements, based on a strong rhythmic impulse. The first two tracks are not too indicative of what the disc contains; they are more than a little square. But the quality to come repays patience. The range of the contents is from Brazil and Venezuela to Paraguay, Cuba, and Mexico.	
Prokofiev: Sonatas Nos. 7 and 8; *Romeo and Juliet* (No. 10, "Romeo and Juliet before Parting"; No. 5, "Masks"). Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London stereo, CS 6573, $5.98.	Prior indication on records of an affinity between Ashkenazy and the music of Prokofiev is scarce, but there is ample evidence here that it exists in high degree. Ashkenazy's verbal exposition of the inner reasons why these works may be described as Prokofiev's "War Sonatas" is both provocative and persuasive. Out of this background, the strongly emotional, intensely musical performances emerge with purpose clarified and motivation fulfilled. Ashkenazy's projection of No. 7 may lack the sheer physical impact of a Horowitz or a Richter, but he builds it to an impressive totality, the more so for the strongly personal sonority he possesses. No. 8 (of which there is also a Richter version) is beautifully projected and impressively sustained to the "bells in the coda" of which he speaks in the annotation. The two choice selections from *Romeo and Juliet* have a charm and definition not too often equaled in orchestral performances. The arrangements are the composer's own.	
Spohr: Double Quartet in D minor (Op. 65). Jascha Heifetz, first violin; Israel Baker, second violin; Milton Thomas, viola; and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; also Pierre Amoval, first violin; Paul Rosenthal, second violin; Allan Harshman, viola; and Laurance Lesser, cello. **Dvorák:** Trio in E minor (Op. 90). Jacob Lateiner, piano; Jascha Heifetz, violin; and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello. RCA stereo, LSC 3068, $5.98.	Recordings of Spohr's Double Quartet are anything but common, and this one is about as uncommon as it could be—with Heifetz leading one quartet made up of a group of brilliant veteran associates, and a finely qualified group of younger artists matched in the other. As the description indicates, Spohr's work (of 1823) is no mere octet for strings, but a score in which the two quartets "concert and interchange in double choir," to quote the composer's own words (courtesy of annotator Philip Hart). Spohr's artistry as a composer for the violin requires a keenly stylistic sense, which Heifetz had already demonstrated that he possesses to perfection in his recording of the celebrated Concerto No. 8 (which bears the subtitle "In the style of a Gesangszene"). Here he leads a performance of an ingratiating and provocative work that may remain outstanding as long as his version of the Concerto. He also coordinates completely with Lateiner and Piatigorsky in a version of the *Dumky* Trio that soars with its own particular kind of lyricism. The sound is not only admirably balanced, but, in the Dvorák, possessed of a suavity and resonance rarely heard from a piano in combination with strings. —I.K.	

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"Double" of Partita I, played in a clinging *détaché*, becomes a glorified Kreutzer étude. Where is the charm and grace of the famous "Gavotte en Rondeau"? Perhaps both Szeryng and Ricci should re-examine their complete rejection of bouncing bowings. Used judiciously, the *spiccato* would add grace and airiness to some of the dances.

In the famous "Preludio" in E major (Partita III), both artists avoid any technical display and set a rather moderate tempo. Szeryng's interpretation has more dynamic subtleties. In Partita II, the opening "Allemanda" receives beautifully shaped performances—Ricci's is very sonorous and straightforward, Szeryng's is leaner and more differentiated. In the "Sarabande" of the same partita, Ricci sounds propulsive, almost impassioned, Szeryng more restrained but no less intense. Time and again, the temperamental differences between the two artists are in evidence, and the ultimate preference will depend on the taste of the individual listener.

Last, but not least, there is the "Chaconne" (the final movement of Partita II), next to the C-major fugue, the mightiest of Bach's solo works. It consists of a set of twenty-nine variations, built—according to Schweitzer—on a single theme in the upper voice. Another Bach authority, Spitta, discovers five themes placed in the bass. Be this as it may, it is the performer's task to create unity out of variety, to build that mighty arch spanning from the first theme to its reappearance in the last bars. Szeryng's interpretation achieves this miracle—he gives a superlative performance. Though each variation receives its characteristic treatment, the inner link with the theme is never lost. Ricci's performance of the "Chaconne" is less intellectualized, more elemental. He approaches it with great aplomb and technical mastery, though his rhythms are at times erratic. Ricci plays the theme in the old Joachim manner: a chord on the dotted quarter, a single note on the eighth-note, thus sacrificing a certain tonal richness. Undoubtedly he was guided by Bach's manner of notation, which varies in the course of the piece; true to his principle, Ricci follows the autograph to the letter. One must respect his decision though one may disagree with it.

The Szeryng set is presented luxuriously in a box adorned with Haussmann's Bach portrait from William Scheide's collection; the booklet contains reproductions of Bach's autograph. Decca's presentation is utilitarian, but it has the advantage that Ricci's records can be purchased separately. The sound on both sets is excellent. —Boris Schwarz.

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Crosby, Stills, and Nash: Renaissance Fare

Now and then, and not very often at that, there's a pop album that stands head and shoulders above the rest, one so characteristic and distinctive that it defies competition or comparison. It doesn't appear from out of nowhere; actually it may be rather predictable. When it is finally released, it is a source of the affirmation and joy which is the lifeblood of rock 'n' roll.

Rock has muddled around for several months, and while there has been enough jamming around and back-to-the-roots exploration, there has been no real breakthrough for quite some time. The field has not been fallow, but the music was out of breath, marking time. But a fistful of refugees from prominent groups has been larking around and something had to come of it. There are now several second-generation groups at work, and if the first Crosby, Stills, and Nash album is any indication of the best of what's to come, I, for one, can't wait for more.

David Crosby left the Byrds some time ago. Stephen Stills was a vital member of the now disbanded Buffalo Springfield, a very special group which, though it was hardly recognized until its dying hour, was one of the freshest, most distinctive bands of its era. Graham Nash has recently left the Hollies, the most fetching vocal group England has produced (other than the Beatles). All of them are gifted, experienced vocalists, musicians, and writers; each has several brilliant contributions to his credit. Together they have produced the most outrageously lovely album to freshen the pop scene in many months.

Their first album, on Atlantic (stereo, SD 8229, $4.98), is nothing short of a treasure. They have created music that is both meaningful and new, yet natural and free. It is packed with songs of the changes that have made searchers of all of us.

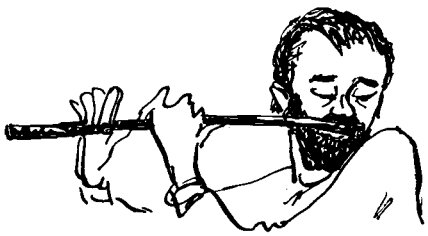
Their music combines pure elements of rock 'n' roll, and still it is bashful and innocent, about the happiest sound since laughter. They've mixed the charged heights of the Byrds, the country coquettishness of the Buffalo Springfield, and the sheer tensile strength of the Hollies. With this album the rock revolution is over (in that it has irrevocably begun) and the renaissance begins.

The album is noteworthy, among many features, for its generous use of acoustic (unamplified) guitars applied in totally refreshing ways. They use harmonies, counterpoint, rhythms, and instrumental combinations deftly and sparingly. A combination of four songs by Stephen Stills, called *Suite Judy Blue Eyes*, is a bruised but undismayed series of love songs to three ladies (or the same lady on three different days), and the final verse, sung in Spanish against a Latin tempo, is a love song to Cuba.

Graham Nash's "Marrakesh Express" follows, an energetic, deliriously happy trip song that pulls out all the stops until Morocco. David Crosby wrote and sings "Guinnevere," a fantasy portrait of a golden lady. It shimmers with honeyed warmth and tender imagery, at times a shade *too* lush. Crosby's voice has mellowed considerably since the Byrds; he now sings lead as effectively as he's been known to sing harmony and has beautiful vocal control. The balmy resonance of "Guinnevere" is juxtaposed by another Stills song, "You Don't Have To Cry," accompanied by a single acoustic guitar and fancy-free finger-picking.

Side 1 closes with "Pre-Road Downs" by Graham Nash. His songs are charming and unaffected, yet always somehow humorously odd. Here he sets a musician's life to song, a song of leaving, traveling, the back-breaking schedule and heartbreaking restlessness a latter-day Pied Piper must cope with. Nash, though, is a sly bloke and manages to turn the tune into an impish tunelet, riding out the ups as well as the downs. It's extremely well done.

Crosby, Stills, and Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Airplane wrote "Wooden Ships" on Side 2. It's a sonic science-fiction creation beginning with two disembodied voices meeting after a disaster, sharing food, wondering why, and asking "who won?" The song flashes back on the present, agonizes over civilization's shortcomings, then, almost resentfully, sails away on a radiant cloud of vocalized "Ahhhhhhs." "We are leaving, you don't need us," it reproaches, while an extended instrumental break vividly creates a scene of wooden ships at sea filled with bewildered but happy expatriates.



Both Crosby's and Stills's songs throughout their careers have reflected political concern. "Wooden Ships" has the added dimension of creative fictionalization, engagingly elusive imagery, a distinct and refreshing musical identity. Nash's "Lady of the Island" was recorded on the first take, it fit just as it fell from his lips. David Crosby, in some of his most moving vocal work ever, sings a circular counter melody behind him.

Stills's "Helplessly Hoping" has a genuinely infectious melody. His lyrics mix alliteration and metonymy throughout, and the feelings fall through the playful tonal games like so much shyness. It is accompanied by an acoustic guitar and very economical use of wily vocal shenanigans.

Crosby's "Long Time Coming," with an insinuating organ line running through the outrage like a distant siren, was composed on the morning after Senator Robert F. Kennedy's assassination, and it contains the elements of pain and numbness that gripped those hours. Two songs by Stills, "49 Reasons" and "Bye Bye Baby," were combined to form the last song on the album, another "suite" to complement the first. It reels and rocks until the last sinewy guitar line quivers and fades, capping a magnificent song and a magnificent album.

Stills, it might be noted, plays most of the instrumental music on the album. In addition to his facile lead guitar, he composed and arranged many of the instrumental tracks as well as playing electric bass and organ on many of them. The "violin sound" on Nash's "Pre-Road Downs" is Stills on a doubled guitar played backward by reversing the tape and mixed into the arrangement through a sixteen-track board. Similarly, he is responsible for almost every piece of the arrangements on his own songs and the entire conception of the "Long Time Coming" instrumental track. All things considered, with this album, Stills can be counted among the pantheon songwriter-musician-vocalists of pop, in the same league as Dylan and Lennon-McCartney.

Crosby and Nash are professionals—experienced, refined musicians with an enormous amount of recording triumphs behind them. They surpass themselves on this album, and when the three of them harmonize it's like a formation flight.

Assisted by percussionist Dallas Taylor, the three have created a soft, happy morning of sound. For forty-three minutes, it's like not being alone anymore. —ELLEN SANDER.

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Venice 1644 (?), Glyndebourne 1967

Pier Francesco Caletti-Bruni (1602-1676), known as Francesco Cavalli, was the first very popular composer of operas. From 1639—when his first opera was staged at the Teatro San Cassiano, Venice—until 1659, one or another of the Venetian opera houses presented from one to four new operas by Cavalli every year but two. Even more indicative of his popularity is the fact that many of his forty or so operas spread quickly to other Italian cities and abroad. In 1660-61, he visited Paris, where at least two of his operas supplied elements of the festivities honoring the marriage of Louis XIV, one of them with interpolated ballet music by Lully. Cavalli wrote his last stage work in 1669, and thereafter, having become *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's, Venice, composed only religious works. After the death of Claudio Monteverdi in 1643, Cavalli's only major rival as purveyor of operas to opera-mad audiences was Marco Antonio Cesti.

On June 16, 1967, the Glyndebourne Festival presented, in a "version" by Raymond Leppard, the first modern staging of Cavalli's ninth opera, *L'Ormindo* (1644), and found itself blessed with a hit. That much-edited version was staged in New York by the Juilliard Opera Theater in April 1968. Argo now has issued the Leppard *L'Ormindo* on three LPs (Argo stereo, ZNF 8-10, $17.85), which contain the Glyndebourne "edition" that was caustically attacked by several critics because it includes, among other elements not in the surviving autograph manuscript (the opera never was published), passages taken from Cavalli's 1642 opera *La virtù de strali d'amore*. The recorded entertainment is thus a very free modern revision. This distortion of the document extends to the English translation of the libretto, by Geoffrey Dunn, supplied with the records. Where Giovanni Faustini's strong, pungent lines for hero and heroine read (literal translation), "Then we shall share a nuptial couch and a bed," Mr. Dunn gives us, "Sweet harmony and contentment, these shall we share together," words that remove us a disheartening distance from Venice and from 1644.

Nonetheless, this recording of *L'Ormindo* offers a marred opportunity to hear reasons for Cavalli's popularity: his sharp responsiveness to dramatic situations, his astonishing ability to characterize in music, his talent-justified freedom from many of his era's conventions, his expressive handling of voices. The recorded performance, with Mr. Leppard conducting—and excellently — the London Philharmonic Orchestra, is generally rewarding. It includes striking vocal characterizations by Anne Howells (Erisbe), Jane Berbié (Mirinda), John Wakefield (Ormindo), Peter-Christoph Runge (Amida), and, most particularly, the bass Federico Davia (Ariadeno). Only a little less striking are the ones from Hanneke Van Bork (Sicle), Isabel Garcisanz (Nerillo), Jean Allister (Melide), Hugues Cuénod (Erice), and Richard Van Allan (Osmano). As in so much operatic music of the Italian seventeenth century, the frequent recurrence of what sound like terminal cadences tends to give the sensation of jerkiness, of constant starts and stops, because it interferes with our twentieth-century conception of continuity. Also, as Arthur Jacobs wrote, in the 1967 Festival Issue of *Opera* (London): "... what may be called the most striking comic part, and the most striking lyrical part, of *L'Ormindo* are apparently not in Cavalli's original scheme at all." One more flubbed opportunity to produce something better than the good, *very* clean (in truth, whitewashed) fun that this Argo recording can provide.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Remembering Leipold

IN REFERENCE TO Stanley Dance's mention of Jan Savitt's orchestra [JAZZ LPS, Apr. 12], please remember that the Top Hatters did have an outstanding soloist in the person of trombonist Al Leipold.

ORRIN BLATTNER,
President,
Local 153, American
Federation of Music,
San Jose, Calif.

Toscanini and Koussevitzky

IN 1965 or 1966 Walter Toscanini and RCA Victor issued a Toscanini discography. Since then, RCA has issued about forty-odd Victrola recordings by the maestro. Has there been or is there going to be another one? As I collect Toscanini records, I need a revised discography. Also, is there a Serge Koussevitzky Foundation where I might obtain a Koussevitzky discography? I collect Koussevitzky records, too. I wish RCA would reissue more of his recordings. Thanks a lot.

R. W. HAEUSSLER, JR.,
Pasadena, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No plan for a new Toscanini discography is presently known. There is a Koussevitzky Foundation (30 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y.) which might provide the answer to that query.*

Stones and Beatles

I FIND it amazing that someone, in this case Frank Bell [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Apr. 26], can be so sure that he is "right" and knows "best" while those who do not agree obviously "know nothing about pop music."

By what criteria does Mr. Bell decide that the Beatles' latest record is their best, and on what grounds is his judgment superior or more accurate than Miss Sander's?

More to the point, how can Bell be sure that "The Stones' album will never be a hit while the Beatles' album will be"? Not only does Bell believe that The Stones' album will not sell, but he believes that there is a correlation between the number of copies of a record sold and the quality of the record, which is not necessarily the case.

It becomes absurd, if not dangerous, when someone puts forth his opinion as superior when there are very few objective criteria by which we can evaluate pop music or most other art forms.

PEARL A. GREEN,
Carbondale, Ill.

Distinguished Alumnae

WITHOUT NEGATING in any way what Florence Page Kimball did for Leontyne Price and is now doing for Joyce Mathis, may I point out that both of them are graduates of the Music School of Central State University in Wilberforce, Ohio, where the training they got, I'm sure, had quite a bit to do with what they are today.

ROBERT KOHN,
Assistant Professor of Dance and
English,
Central State University,
Wilberforce, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The acknowledgement is willingly made. Miss Mathis's identification with Central State University had not previously come to attention.*

A Matter of Meaning

FRANK BELL stated that he found *Beggars Banquet*, in contrast to *The Beatles*, "dull and without meaning." We all understand what is implied by "dull," but what is implied by "meaning"?

Is meaning merely what the song is about, or is it something that produces a definite effect on us? The latter is the way I understand meaning, and in this light I must say that there are meaningful and meaningless songs on both albums.

The success of an album does not necessarily depend on its meaningfulness, and failure is not necessarily caused by meaninglessness. If *Beggars Banquet* never becomes as successful as *The Beatles*, it won't prove *Beggars Banquet* to be "dull and without meaning." If anything, it will only prove their relative popularity. It is fine to read between the lines, but looking for meaning where there is none is ridiculous.

MICHAEL POLOMSKY,
Parma, O.

Dylan's Role

IF ELLEN SANDER thinks Dylan is resting in peace ["Bob Dylan Revisited," *SR*, Apr. 26], she's mighty mistaken. I grew up in the country, in Virginia, and I've heard plenty of country Cole Porter. But this isn't more of it.

"I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" was the magnet on *John Wesley Harding*. The other songs were deep in another way, but this was the one that had to be played over and over, the song that sometimes we just needed to hear. And needed is the key, too—every record of Dylan's is like living over a piece of our life; although now our generation might be considered settled, it feels much more frustrated and

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sad than peaceful. We needed a return to the roots, where it all began, in the small country towns where people are only concerned with the basic human problems of love and its loss, and country pie. That is empty, sure, in a world so full of pain, but at one time we—I—were people in those towns. Far from our roots now, and unable to return to them partly because of Bob Dylan, we feel a little bit healed by those sad happy songs which recall the old concerns. But the irony of the old, after we now so deeply feel the new, is a powerful pull to reality, away from peace—and yet at the same time it gives us the only peace we can ever know.

Dylan was one of the few to see (in "Only a Pawn in Their Game") the humanity of the white villains of Medgar Evers's murder, caught in a tragic web of society's making as well as their own. People brought up in a white liberal atmosphere may find it hard to see this, but we who were raised in the midst of racism and somehow escaped are tormented by our inability to repudiate these persons who did these things and are still murdering in more subtle ways. Dylan knows about that. And somehow, in these songs, he's helped us to go home again and see a little melody and humanity there.

SARA HOPKINS,
Chicago, Ill.

Albinoni and the Animals

RECENT LETTERS columns demonstrate a situation which I have been aware of for some time. Nothing evokes more emotional response (on both sides) than an attempt to discuss rock music seriously. I do not happen to enjoy Wagnerian opera or Music Concrete, but I won't publicly call them garbage or ask that they be abolished from review columns.

My LP collection includes, for example, Albinoni and the Animals; Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms and Berry, Beatles and Big Brother; Fux and the Fugs; Haydn and Hendrix; Khachaturian and Kalin; Offenbach and Orbison; Rimsky-Korsakov and Rolling Stones; Sibelius and the ShangriLas. I enjoy them all and am perfectly happy to let others enjoy what I do not enjoy.

If you can stand the emotional mail, please continue to publish Ellen Sander's reviews, I may not agree with all of her conclusions, but I feel that she (and rock music) have a right to be heard.

ROBERT C. CLEMENTS,
Waltham, Mass.

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 51

veals a virtuoso command of internal detail as well as external flow. In the *Tristan* excerpts this knowledge was directed to the enrichment of a totality; in the *Fliegende Holländer* and *Meistersinger* Overtures, it is, too often, demonstrated as a thing in itself. Both sides skimp on time content to develop the particular sound characteristic of London's "Phase IV" products. —I. K.

Ellington

Continued from page 49

keyboard, sometimes two together, as musicians heard previously jammed with musician guests and members of the Marine Band. The joys of the jam session were evident enough on the participants' faces, but its perils were also shown when Lou Rawls, Hollywood's conception of a blues singer, elected to sing the blues. Joe Williams and Billy Eckstine joined him, and they had forgotten nothing. After "Every Day" and "Stormy Monday," "It's a Lowdown Dirty Shame" seemed extremely appropriate.

Chairs were pushed back and spirited dancing took place, led by Ellington and a radiant Carmen de Lavallade. Freedom was again the operative word as members of the clergy joined in with energy and surprising ability. "That must be that 'Ecumenical Strut,'" a musician observed thoughtfully.

It was after 2 a.m. when the party broke up. The White House staff seemed to regard it as an exceptionally enjoyable occasion, and even those of differing political beliefs gave ungrudging credit to President Nixon for personally having done so much to ensure a relaxed, informal, and friendly atmosphere.

Back at the hotel, Ellington quickly changed into his traveling clothes. While making his farewells in the crowded suite, he was stuffing telegrams and birthday cards into his coat pockets. He had a plane to catch. He would get a little sleep in Oklahoma City, where he and the band had an engagement the very next night.

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Criminal Record

Fact

The Strange Case of James Earl Ray, the Man Who Murdered Martin Luther King. *By Clay Blair, Jr. Bantam paperback, 95¢.* Mr. Blair, the ultimate top editor of *Saturday Evening Post,* has delved deeply into the formative years of his subject and has come up with a mass of data that goes far toward rounding out a credible portrait. It is not an ingratiating one and it is not, of course, complete, as the author would be the first to admit. Blair appends to his text the entire guilty plea recorded at Memphis.

The French Connection: The World's Most Crucial Narcotics Investigation. *By Robin Moore. Photos. Little, Brown. $5.95.* Never keep a diary, and never splurge in a Manhattan night spot. As a result of these two boners the New York Police Department's Narcotics Bureau was able, in the early 1960s, to seize 112 pounds of almost pure heroin and the mob that had imported it. One of the bad guys was a Parisian TV emcee, hence the "French connection." A superb bit of detective work is here superbly reported.

How Could She Do That? A Study of the Female Criminal. *By Edith de Rham. Clarkson N. Potter/Crown. $6.* This is not a sociological treatise but an informal casebook, with the cases selected for their editorial value. An eminently readable and well-chosen collection.

Fiction

Die Quickly, Dear Mother. *By Tobias Wells. Crime Club. $3.95.* Our old friend Detective Second Grade Knute Severson of the Boston police spends much of his time in the witness box in this fascinating little case, in which affection seems to be well suppressed on both sides of the family fence.

Dragon Road. *By Simon Harvester. Walker. $4.50.* British heavy machinery salesman hits the road to Mandalay and adjacent ports of call and runs into assorted inconveniences, to put it mildly. Told with the author's customary fine sense of place.

Murder, London-Miami. *By John Creasey. Scribners. $3.95.* Yard's top super seeks solution to English nursing-home homicide by flying to Florida, where the heat oppresses him no end. Not among the better units in this long series.

Death on Display. *By Roger Simons. Roy. $3.95.* Chief Inspector Wace of New Scotland Yard (a tough cookie) and his legman Sergeant Crow look into killing at English seaside resort that balloons into a big deal and necessitates the interviewing of a whole platoon of oddballs, some of them "guessing" Americans. But, as Galileo remarked, "It does move!"

Dead Straight. *By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.* This is the story of a single critical week in the life of Macbeth Bain, just out of jail and in need of a job. He answers a newspaper ad calling for "a man of resource and courage." This is not the first tale to open with this ploy, but the author-narrator tosses in an ingenious twist that will titillate the reader.

A Necessary Action. *By Per Wahlöö. Pantheon. $4.95.* The Swedish author of this cruel and merciless account of events that befell a German painter in Francoland (where the author himself is still persona non grata) has echoes of the Spanish Civil War and World War II.

The Old English Peep Show. *By Peter Dickinson. Harper & Row. $4.95.* Jollity reigns supreme (despite a certain amount of sudden death) when modest Yard super Jimmy Pribble arrives at a famous English country seat to look into a supposed suicide. Cameras of Yankee tourists click throughout. Ignore this rich bit of entertainment at your peril.

The Last Doorbell. *By Joseph Harrington. Lippincott. $4.50.* Lieut. Kerrigan of New York's finest and Detective (Second Grade) Jane Boardman of same outfit team to solve a "fiend" case already eleven years old. Question-and-answer technique pays off handsomely.

You'll Like My Mother. *By Naomi A. Hintze. Putnam. $4.50.* This up-to-date Gothic tale involving a Vietnam widow who is about to become a mother has a fine air of plausibility. The setting is rural Ohio. **Sergeant Cuff**

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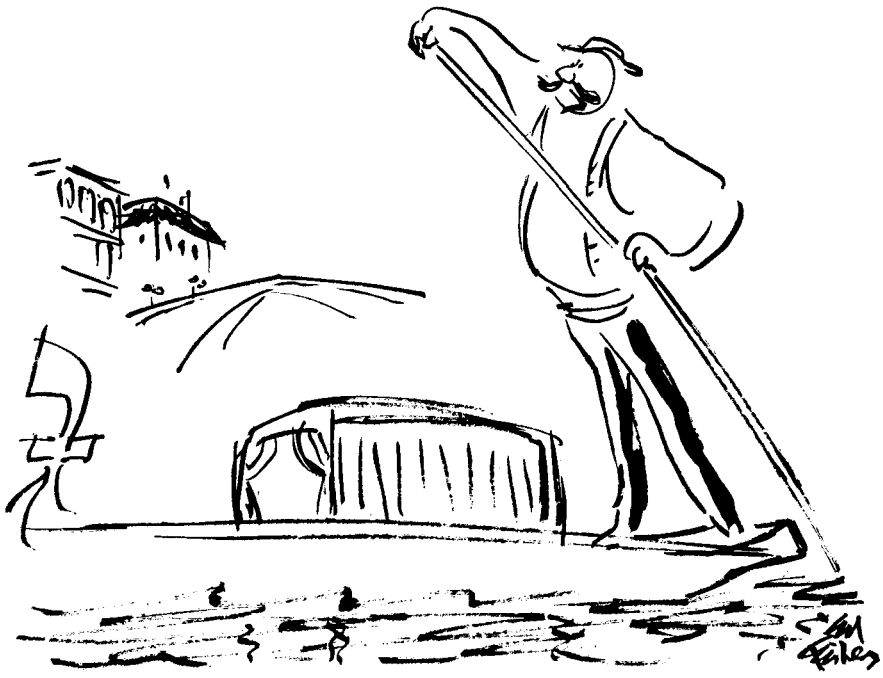

T'amo, yeah! yeah! yeah! T'amo, yeah! yeah! yeah! . . ."

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New Mandarins

Continued from page 27

topic "Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship," and yet—overlooking the recent tragedy of Czechoslovakia, and the fate of Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, and East Germany, not to mention Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia—he several times labels the United States "the most aggressive power in the world, the greatest threat to peace, to national self-determination, and to international cooperation," a nation whose leaders "are taking the road of the fascist aggressors of a generation ago." This sort of writing could pass as objective scholarship only in a school operated by Third World-New Left teachers, to whom the truth means blindness to everything except imperialism or neo-colonialism in American policies and actions.

I do not mean by these strictures to go to the opposite extreme and deny that there is any truth in Mr. Chomsky's position—a truth that too many Americans would prefer not to see. But American foreign policies and actions are much too complex to be fitted into any man's ideology unless he uses it as Procrustes used his bed. The ideology of the New Left is no more a key to knowledge than is that of nationalism or imperialism. The distortions of one are not canceled out by the extremist views of the others.

Milton R. Konvitz

FRASER YOUNG
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(Continued from page 63)

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CREATIVE SUMMERHILL-ORIENTED family with N.Y. farm will board teenagers for summer. Box 305, New Hope, Pennsylvania 18938.

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ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place at the Crestview Center . . . including the most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Crestview Center, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

FAMILY CAMPING

FAMILY CAMPING—Inexpensive! Vermont's "Y" Camp Abnaki on beautiful Lake Champlain, North Hero, Vermont. Swimming, fishing, sailing. August 25th-September 2nd, inclusive. Adults $36 each; children under 12, $26 each; both American Plan. Tel. 802-862-8981. Write Vermont Y.M.C.A., 215-A College Street, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

VACATIONS

JACKSON HOLE—Dude ranch. American Plan. Riding, fishing. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly P.O., Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS. Vermont's Unique Resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages, mile-long private shore, large heated pool, riding, sailing, water skiing, tennis. Complete programs, separate dining each age group—teens to toddlers. Color Brochure. Tyler Place, Highgate Springs 26, Vermont 05460.

HORSEMEN! August is about booked at the famous Escuela Ecuestre in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, but there are still openings for June and July. Fine horses, intensive cavalry instruction, dressage, theory, cross country, jumping. Modern hotel and pool, classic Colonial town. Write Harold Black, Director, Apartado S185, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

WATERFRONT BUNGALOW—New, sleeps 6. Low summer rate $150 weekly. Piet Vanderhoeven, 23 St. Anna Boulevard, Curacao, Netherlands Antilles.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful inn for 30 adults or groups on Cape Cod. Private ocean beach, patios, all private baths. Colonial atmosphere. Continental breakfast. West Harwich, Massachusetts 02671.

INFORMAL RESORT LIVING on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston. White sand beaches, warm water swimming, golf, exceptional boating facilities, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

FASCINATING ART COLONY nearby superb seaside resort less than two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, quiet fourteen-guest inn. Private baths, gas heat. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

HEAR THE WILD LOON—Rustic family accommodations on Indian Lake's wilderness shore, Adirondacks. American Plan. Brochure. 56th year. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Family Inn by fabulous beach. 212-LE 2-7700, Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $16 to $22 per day, per person includes 2 delicious meals. Lower June rates. Open June 14th. D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming 1-2-3 room apartments, each with kitchen, air-conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

ECHO VALLEY RANCH—Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $12, doubles $22-$24 daily E.P. Lower after September 15th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 4th. Open April-January. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

CHRISTMAS FARM INN. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

WILEY INN—PERU, VERMONT, Relaxing country Inn on 22 acres. Heated Pool. Brochure available. 802-824-6600.

13 LUCKY PEOPLE—Thirteen Acres. Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, charming resort. Dietary laws.

RUSTIC LODGE on the Green Mountain skyline. Luxury suites, spacious cabins. Swimming pool. Mountaineering and touring center. Now open all year. Long Trail Lodge, Rutland, Vermont 05701. A Treadway Resort.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—week aboard auxiliary schooner, "Richard Robbins." Maine bays and islands. Brochure. Capt. George Allen, Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

VERMONT . . . The Beckoning Country—Beauty, history, covered bridges, museums, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, hiking, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate inn well-maintained. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, fine service, air conditioning. Near golf courses, chair lifts, library, places of worship, shops, horseback riding. Memorable! Reasonable! Tel. 802-247-5766 or write BRANDON INN, A Vermont Resort, Box 205, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING. Reducing, Fasting, Sunbathing, Natural Foods. Moderate rates. Free brochure: SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

NATURE'S TRANQUILIZER: A serene island, a small hotel and miles of winding trails through softwood forests to majestic cliffs where the sounds of birds, deep throated reef buoys and the wind in the trees awaken one's soul. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box R, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN LAKE RESORT—Blue Boar Lodge, Robbinsville, N.C. 704-479-8126.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, children's haven, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

BEST FOOD IN VERMONT is found at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe. Since 1833. Rooms and everything else, too.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $45. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. Late May through October. Brochure.

CARIBBEAN ISLAND. Charm and attractions of nature and local color which draw and hold interesting people. Tasty food, friendly service, simple accommodations. Beach, reef fish, boats, birds, bar. Skin diving equipment. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 2, Netherlands Antilles, or Room 6078, 50 East 42nd Street, New York 10017.

VACATIONS

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, heated pool, water skiing. Write for folder. Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

ROAD'S END COTTAGES, Lake Pleasant 5, N.Y. 12108. Central Adirondacks on large Sacandaga Lake—excellent bass and trout. Sandy beach, sundeck, main lodge for recreation.

THE INN at Mt. Sunapee—Small country lodge on beautifully landscaped estate. Spectacular views, all sports, gourmet food, lounge. DEXTER'S, Box A, Sunapee 2, N.H. 02782.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

LAKE MICHIGAN/UNHURRIED FAMILY VACATION 40 acre wooded estate. Untamed sand beach. Children's program. Tennis, pools, bicycles. Barn theatre, concerts, film festival. Resident artist. Sleepy Hollow, North Shore Drive, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $70 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrich, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 617-398-2821.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

EXCITING NORTH WOODS meets man-made luxury at resort lodge and motel. Swimming pool, golf. Excellent meals, cocktails. Airstrip adjoins Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

VACATIONS

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded country inn on lovely old estate. Pine woods, gardens, orchards. Near beautiful Cove Beach. Rooms with meals. Private baths. 617-693-2298 or 914-476-7803. Lambert's Cove Inn, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May into October. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

COOL AND CAREFREE by a clear blue lake. Cottages or new chalet units. Meals included. Water skiing, tennis, canoe trips, entertainment, sauna, lobster bakes. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Write for color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Small, quiet country inn, off beaten path, offering hill-country living, good food, scenic tranquillity. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

A STONE'S THROW from beaches, harbor and shops. This traditional New England hostelry is noted for excellent fare. Nightly entertainment in cocktail lounge. Harbor House, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554. A Treadway Resort.

WHITNEY'S . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

POCONOS—Scenery, serenity, serendipity. Modern housekeeping cottages, pool, family fun. Week, month. Rondan, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania. 212-ES 7-0737.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

AMERICA'S FINEST Parent-Child Resort—Green Acres Hotel features complete and separate facilities for adults and children. 40 counselors, individual nursemaids for tots, resident physician. Smart entertainment, art lessons, indoor and outdoor pools, family-size suites. Informal. NYC: 212-WA 4-0830. Write Green Acres, Loch Sheldrake, N.Y.

AN UNUSUAL RESORT for nonusual people. David Randolph kapellmeisters July 10th Choral weekend; Times' Alan Truscott hosts Bridge buffs fortnight July 13th-26th; William Kroll coaches amateur Chamber Musicians July 27th to August 17th. Sybaritic informality, moderate rates. Penny Point, Hampton Bays, N.Y. 11946. 516-RA 8-1355.

RUSTIC MOUNTAIN CABINS in Laurel Highlands of southwestern Pennsylvania. Rentals—spring, summer, fall. The Cabin Farm, Box 69, Mill Run, Pennsylvania 15464.

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VACATIONS

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, two connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts (indoors-outdoors), packed lunches, hiking, etc. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

YORK—4 beautiful, uncrowded beaches, surfing, yachting, boating facilities. Explore historic Colonial village (1653), rugged coastline, "Big A" mountain, Cape Neddick Park with 121 acres, antiques, giftwares. Wonderful accommodations, excellent restaurants. Write York Chamber of Commerce, Box 101, York Beach, Maine 03910.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

MAINE WRITERS' WORKSHOP on lobstermen's harbor. Limited enrollment. Box N-613.

WHAT IS MONTESSORI? Find out at summer workshops. Write: Penn-Mont Academy, 2733 Sixth Avenue, Altoona, Pennsylvania 16602.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

IMPORTANT TO PARENTS of Exceptional Children. Large successful Independent School for exceptional children in southwestern England is proposing to establish an extension in the form of a Village Community. This carefully planned modern Unit will provide a continuation program that will meet the needs of those adolescents who require long term assistance post school to enable them to function to the limit of their potential, intellectually and socially; fully qualified, experienced educational, social and technical staffs will ensure that the villagers are provided with the best possible environment for individual development. The Principal of the school will be visiting the United States in 1969 to meet interested parties but preliminary enquiries will be answered by writing to Pitt House Schools Ltd., Hr. Lincombe Road, Torquay, or telephoning Torquay, England, 25741.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language—Literature—Art.

THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY of Jerusalem Summer Courses 1969. Courses given in English July 8th-July 29th, August 5th-August 26th. Introduction to the Archaeology of the Holy Land • The Archaeology of the Negev • The Archaeology of Jerusalem • The Dead Sea Scrolls • Religion • Introduction to Biblical Literature • Biblical Wisdom Literature • Modern Hebrew for Intermediate and Advanced Students • Special Course in Biblical Hebrew • Arabic • Seminar on the Middle East Today • The Contemporary Middle East • Israel's Political Institutions and Foreign Affairs • Israel's Society—Kibbutz and Moshav. History and Structure of Education in Israel • Israeli and Near Eastern Musicology • Arts of the Jews • Introduction to Yiddish Literature • An Introduction to Yiddish Language and Jewish Culture. Office of Academic Affairs/American Friends of the Hebrew University/11 East 69th Street/New York, N.Y. 10022/212-988-8400.

EUROPE FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS. Eight weeks, $1,525, six weeks, $1,350 WITH NO EXTRAS pays for fine hotels, great food, scores of theatre tickets, no regimentation, plenty of time for individual exploration. England, France, Italy, Austria, Berlin, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Holland, Scandinavia and much, much more. This price includes everything! Full details and references from Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 32 Hicks Avenue, Syosset, New York 11791. 516-WA 1-7898.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

COLLEGE ART STUDY ABROAD—PARIS. Studio Instruction—Art History—Tours. Distinguished American faculty. Summer, Fall, Spring terms. Brochure: Roger Barr, Director, CASA, 261 Boulevard Raspail, Paris, France.

EUROPE—H.S. STUDENTS. $750 six week study-travel programs in France, Spain, England, Austria. Includes flights, room, meals, tuition, excursions, supervision. European Language Institute, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

FRANCE . . . Art Study, country life, tours. July-August. Ages 13-17. Write: Colescott, 61 Av. de la Marne, Montrouge 92, France.

TRAVEL

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SASHAY AROUND BARBADOS like you rented the place. Instead of a hotel or guesthouse, rent an apartment. You do whatever your vacationing heart desires, a maid does the cooking, cleaning and shopping. It's cozier, kickier, lots more private. What's more for two or more, it's bound to be less expensive. For particulars, sashay a note to Barbados Vacation Apartments Company, (SR) Gateways, St. Lawrence, Barbados, West Indies.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—SUMMER 1969. Safari in Africa, Hunt-Ride in Ireland, Canoe the Danube, Explore Europe or Roam the Orient. Exotic trips for sophisticated, curious and energetic young adults. R. N. Hill, Director, Robinson Crusoe Abroad, 360 West 22nd Street, NYC 10011.

AMERICAN YOUTH HOSTELS trips for teens.
CROSS COUNTRY bicycle trips. 7 weeks. Groove in bluegrass, canoe the Ozarks, explore Colorado ghost towns, hike into Grand Canyon, camp under Sequoias and on Pacific shore.
HAWAII bicycle trip. 6 weeks. Explore green canyons, slide down mudslides on ti leaves, run through bamboo forests, hike, camp, swim.
WINDJAMMER CRUISE. Sail away to sea on schooner. 5½ days on coast of Maine.
CANOE TRIPS. 2 weeks to Canada's Algonquin wilderness. 1 week to blue caves in Ozarks. Free brochure. New York Council, 535 West End Avenue, NYC, 10024.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-30. Looking for a low cost coed trip combining a magnificent itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks $1,525; six weeks $1,350 WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 32 Hicks Avenue, Syosset, N.Y. 11791. 516-WA 1-7898.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . 12th year. Students Abroad, G. Lange, Director, 200 East End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10028. 212-EN 9-1395.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZDR Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

DESTINATION SHANGRI-LA, for the exotic only! 28 days of deluxe adventure to Nepal, Iran, Afghanistan, India, Ceylon and Kashmir. Unusual excursions, selected sightseeing, leisurely paced, fully escorted. An extraordinary tour. Must limit size. Leaves July 16th, 1969. $1,599 all inclusive. COLPITTS TRAVEL, 1860 Broadway, NYC, 10022. 212-246-5240.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

LITERARY ENGLAND with Cornwall, Wales plus Belgium, Holland. Small party leaving July 16th three weeks. Leader, Dr. Norman Fletcher. $845. Contact Plaza Travel Service, Hotel Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019.

TRAVEL

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS, 1969: We investigate the natural history of the world, emphasizing bird observation but seeking broad ecological coverage. Three-week overseas tours: EUROPE, eleven tours, Mediterranean to Scandinavia, Iceland to U.S.S.R. and Siberia; June, July. AFRICA: Three routes—South, Central, East Africa and Madagascar; summer. LATIN AMERICA. Yucatan, Colombia (extraordinary ornithological experience), Mexico, throughout year. Also two-week NORTH AMERICAN tours: Florida, Arizona, Texas, West Coast and exceptional coverage of Alaska. Come along! Crowder Nature Tours, Box 222-R, Harpers Ferry, W.Va. 25425.

ADVENTURE TRAVEL "BIBLES" of Mexico, South America. Travel Agents swear by them. Vital for planning trips to unspoiled lands, fantastic cities, exotic resorts. When, where to go, stay, eat, shop. Colorful pictures, maps. Giant 8½" x 11" values! South America Travel Digest (160 pg.) $4.25; Mexico Digest, $2.75; both 1969 editions $6.50. TRAVEL DIGESTS, 110 Glendon-R1517, Los Angeles, 90024.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air-conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

TIMBUCTU—17 days all inclusive tour New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. $998. Departures once a month. Write for brochure. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner, "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed, informal vacation. $135 weekly. Reduced rates June and September. All inclusive. Write Capt. Arvil Young, Box 561-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $120 month ($30 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE GUYANA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*Guy-ANN-a.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1210, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

MOVING ABROAD? ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL may be the answer for your 7th or 8th grade child. Informal, noncompetitive. Work program. Mountain setting. 24 boys and girls. Arthur Morgan School, Burnsville 5, N.C. 28714.

WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISES—"Barefoot." Adventurous. Little, secluded, tropical islands. 11 days, $240. Windjammer, Dept. 119, P.O. Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than unattended outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up and delivery to and from airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

FRIENDLY NATIVE GUIDES show you CANYONLANDS by jeep, jet boat and float boat. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, Moab, Utah 84532.

MEXICO—UNBELIEVABLE TRAVEL BARGAIN—Hacienda Spa Penafiel, Tehuacan, Mexico. From $5.56 per day per person—including delicious breakfast, dinner, attractive room with private bath and round-trip motor transportation from Mexico City. Facilities include: golf, swimming, mineral waters, Turkish baths, Swedish massage, gymnasium, horseback riding, ping pong, bowling. For full details send for brochure. Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 30, Mexico City, Mexico.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $135 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1834

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Mug, pan, map.	155 162 171 14 17 31
B. "L'———," by Camus.	34 37 78 80 102 161 177 180
C. Commander of the Afrika Korps	181 183 9 40 57 111
D. Resumé of related information.	119 128 129 160 213 72 219
E. Diffidence.	15 32 58 70 85 101 107 135
F. Held back.	165 179 24 44 50 62 99 109 136
G. Where Lord Henry says "anyone can be good" (3 wds.; Wilde, "The Picture of Dorian Gray")	139 2 22 26 39 88 96 106 114 130 186 196
H. "I dread the ——— of the grass." (Wordsworth, *"The Affliction of Margaret"*)	206 113 144 146 194 222 49 84
I. Town in Italy, home of the Villa D'Este and Hadrian's villa.	108 115 184 197 221 48
J. "The Courtship of the ———," who lived "Where the early pumpkins blow," was written by WORD Z (comp.)	149 173 63 103 188 6 55 66 69 199 79 112 167 203
K. Argot.	208 5 25 29 59 68
L. Native of Luang Prabang, for instance.	134 166 209 214 82 121 125
M. Increase; expatiate.	175 178 28 42 86 36 12

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Contemporary group of young revolutionaries (not listed)	27 141 46 71 147 153 164
O. Candy.	51 187 192 205 211 97 132 21 33
P. Elevated.	61 75 156 74 120 137 11
Q. Bears witness regarding (2 wds.)	41 52 123 154 60 131 87 169 220
R. Epithet for Phil Rizzuto as a Yankee (2 wds.)	190 200 207 95 140 150 8 216 224 19
S. Settles on (land)	100 105 116 212 127 201 218 124 157 148
T. With a bang, perhaps.	83 89 159 104 145 138 182
U. Danish poet and dramatist (1779-1850) crowned Scandinavian poet laureate in 1829.	215 10 16 56 77 122 152 7 217 195 3 18 185 92
V. Done in fulfillment of a pledge.	90 118 45 1 81 20
W. Ornate apron worn by the Jewish high priest.	23 117 38 142 94
X. Relating to a musical theme.	174 35 163 13 76 168 30
Y. Ancient region of Greece; Thebes was its chief city.	204 47 91 53 172 170 54
Z. English painter and writer (1812-88), author of WORD J (full name)	67 64 4 189 133 126 43 98 193 210
Z^1 What many a man called the eagle in his lapel after WW II (2 wds.)	191 143 73 202 151 110 93 158 65 198 223 176

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 V	2 G		3 U		4 Z	5 K	6 J		7 U	8 R	9 C	10 U	11 P
12 M		13 X	14 A		15 E	16 U	17 A		18 U	19 R	20 V	21 O	22 G	23 W	24 F	25 K		26 G
27 N	28 M	29 K	30 X	31 A	32 E	33 O	34 B		35 X	36 M		37 B	38 W	39 G	40 C		41 Q	42 M
43 Z		44 F	45 V		46 N	47 Y	48 I	49 H	50 F	51 O		52 Q	53 Y		54 Y		55 J	56 U
57 C	58 E	59 K	60 Q	61 P		62 F	63 J	64 Z		65 Z^1	66 J	67 Z	68 K		69 J	70 E	71 N	—
72 D	73 Z^1	74 P		75 P	76 X	77 U	78 B		79 J	80 B	81 V	82 L	83 T	84 H		85 E	86 M	87 Q
88 G	89 T	90 V	91 Y	92 U	93 Z^1	94 W		95 R	96 G	97 O	98 Z	99 F	100 S	101 E	102 B	103 J		104 T
105 S		106 G	107 E	108 I	109 F	110 Z^1	111 C	112 J		113 H	114 G	115 I	116 S	117 W	118 V	119 D	120 P	121 L
122 U	123 Q		124 S	125 L	126 Z		127 S	128 D		129 D	130 G	131 Q	132 O	133 Z	134 L	135 E		136 F
137 P	138 T	139 G	140 R	141 N	142 W	143 Z^1	144 H		145 T	146 H		147 N	148 S		149 J	150 R	151 Z^1	
152 U	153 N	154 Q		155 A	156 P	157 S	158 Z^1	159 T	160 D	161 B		162 A	163 X	164 N		165 F	166 L	167 J
168 X	169 Q		170 Y	171 A		172 Y	173 J		174 X	175 M	176 Z^1	177 B		178 M	179 F	180 B	181 C	182 T
	183 C	184 I	185 U	186 G		187 O	188 J	189 Z	190 R		191 Z^1	192 O	193 Z	194 H	195 U	196 G		197 I
198 Z^1	199 J	200 R	201 S		202 Z^1	203 J		204 Y	205 O		206 H	207 R	208 K	209 L	210 Z	211 O	212 S	213 D
	214 L	215 U		216 R	217 U	218 S		219 D	220 Q	221 I	222 H	223 Z^1	224 R					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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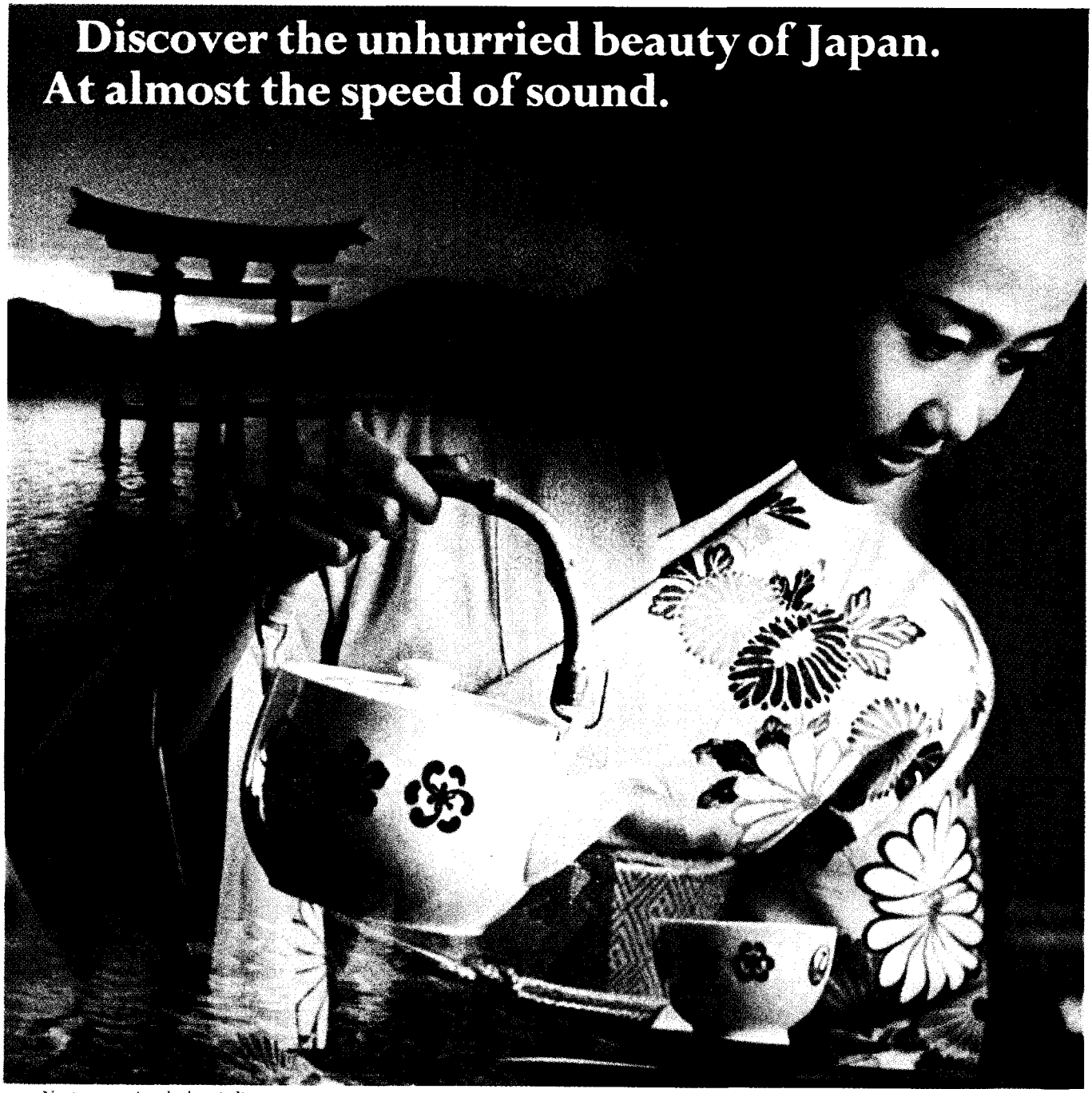

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